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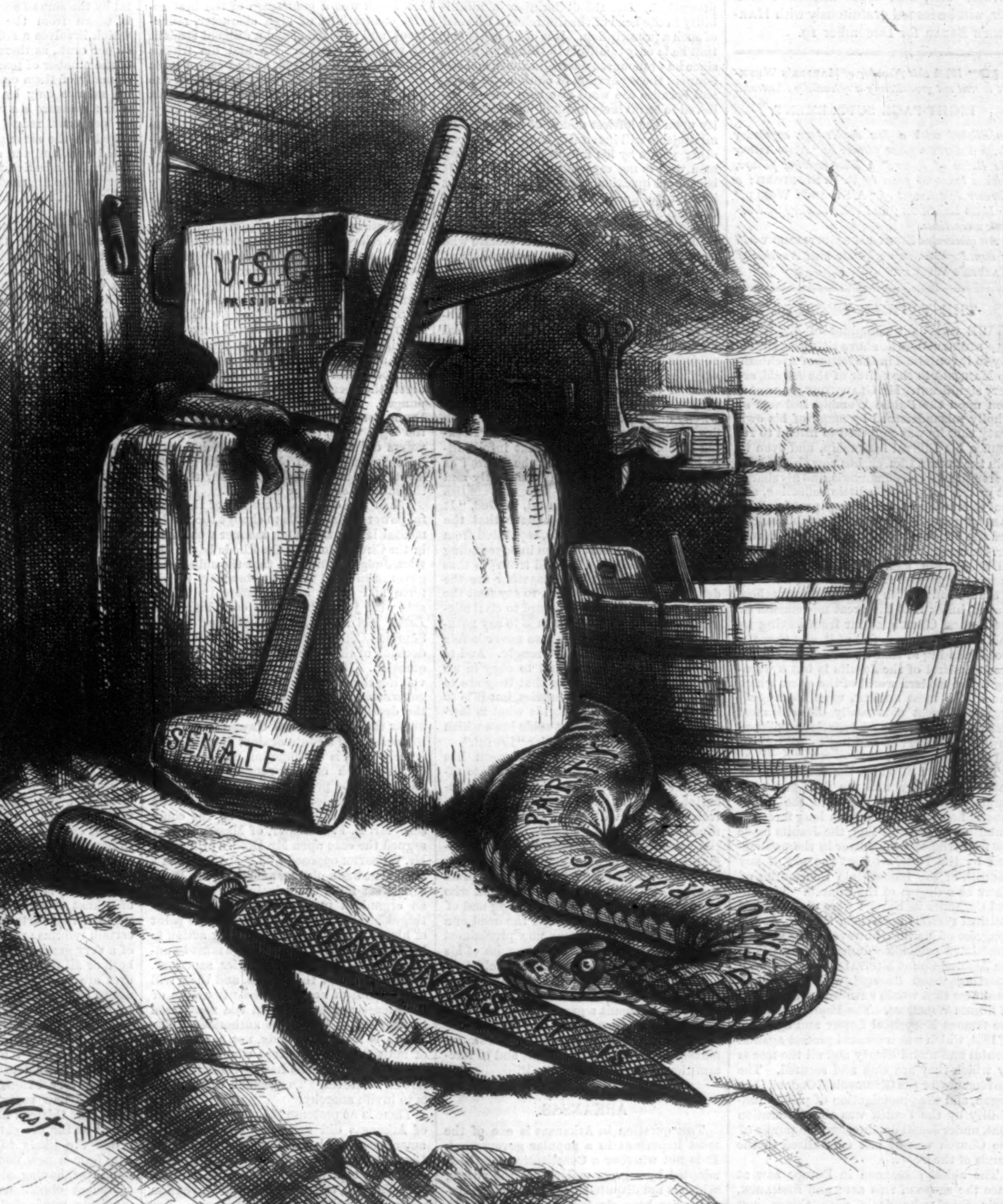

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THE VATICAN DECREES.

THE trenchant pamphlet of Mr. GLADSTONE under the above title, and the reply to it contained in the letter of Archbishop MANNING to the editor of the *Herald*, are very significant. Mr. GLADSTONE, whose action upon the Public Worship Bill was so wholly misunderstood by many of his own party that he was supposed to intend to renounce his Liberal leadership, and even to join the Roman Church, has now shown how thorough an Englishman he is, and his sharpest critics may, upon a little reflection, see that it is not he, but the Tory premier DISRAELI, who really menaces the establishment and the endowment of the English Church. Mr. GLADSTONE, with BISMARCK, and with all thoughtful men in this country who watch the patient and unrelaxing hostility of the Roman Church to the American school system, know that the great movements of the Roman Church, so far from having no political purport, are full of it, and that the recent passing of that Church under the supreme control of the Jesuits is but a warning to the modern world of the effort which one of the most ancient, most thoroughly organized, most universally diffused, most unscrupulous, and most tenacious political powers in history is making to recover its old ascendency.

This project, of which the declaration of papal infallibility was the first great triumph, showing how complete the Jesuit control had become, has been long foreseen. Twenty years ago, in 1854, the Jesuits made the first trial of their power in the publication by the Pope, without the aid of any Council, of the Immaculate Conception of MARY as a dogma of the Church. The liberal Catholics in Europe were alarmed, but political reasons kept them silent. At the Congress of Malines, however, in 1863, they proclaimed principles designedly hostile to the Jesuits, Count MONTALEMBERT proudly asserting "soul liberty" with a sublime frankness that would have warmed the soul of ROGER WILLIAMS. The Pope's reply was the famous Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of 1864, which was a general protest against mental and moral liberty and all the means by which they are won and secured. The movements for the Œcumenical Council then began, and the promulgation of papal infallibility by the Pontiff was the declaration that, under Jesuit domination, the power of the Church was at last centralized in the hands of the Pope.

The ablest statesmen in Europe saw at once the scope of this act; and BISMARCK, their chief, who deals with things, not names, proceeded at once to baffle the priestly scheme in the German Empire. Mr. GLADSTONE has now challenged the Roman Catholic subjects of Great Britain to show that the obedience required by the Pope is compatible with their allegiance to the British throne. He properly despises the usual cry of "abstractions" and "theories" which salutes every such action. For he knows from Lord ACTON, who was educated by DÖLLINGER, and was the real agent in Rome of the liberal Catholic policy during the Council, as Archbishop MANNING was one of the most active and ingenious of the ministers of the Jesuit policy, the practical political application of the new dogma, and he knows that its prompt and clear exposure will be one of the most damaging blows to a political power and ambition radically hostile to England and to modern civilization.

The question is not new in England. Nearly a century ago, in 1788, when the British Roman Catholics were asking relief from their civil disabilities, they submitted to Mr. PITT a summary of their tenets, which he sent to the five great Catholic universities of the Continent—Sorbonne, Louvain, Douay, Alcala, and Salamanca—and they all agreed "that the Pope, or cardinals, or any body of men, or any individual of the Church of Rome, can not absolve or dispense his Majesty's subjects from their oath of allegiance upon any pretext whatsoever." And the doctrine which many a Pope had not hesitated, when he could, to enforce, Pope PIUS VI., on the 17th of June, 1791, formally proscribed. But the declaration of infallibility in the head of the Church is a reversal of such a proscription. It is of no use to say that he is only infallible in things religious, since he pronounces upon all things, and denounces the separation of church and state, and because the word of a man who is believed to be divinely inspired with infallibility upon the loftiest and most important of all subjects will inevitably be preferred upon other points by his followers to that of any man who is not especially illuminated. It becomes a question, therefore, of the utmost interest to know what the reply to Mr. GLADSTONE is.

The force of the blow delivered by him is seen in the fact that the Roman prelate who answers him is one of the chief authors of the dogma of infallibility—Archbishop MANNING. He hastens to say that the Vatican decrees have not changed the relation of Romanists to the civil authority of their various countries; that the Council announced no new dogma, but an old truth; and that subjects are bound in all things lawful to obey their rulers. Of all this, he says, the Vatican decrees changed nothing, because they touched nothing. But such a reply is wholly unsatisfactory, and necessarily justifies the challenge of Mr. GLADSTONE. Nothing is more notorious than that infallibility has not been accepted by the Church as an old truth. It has been constantly and strenuously denied. The five universities of which we have spoken said, in 1788, "It is no matter of faith to believe that the Pope is in himself infallible, separated from the body of the Church, even in expounding the faith." Indeed, the "old truth" is that the Pope and the Council together are the depositary of truth. Again, to say that the position of Romanists in regard to civil allegiance is what it always was is to say nothing, because that position was never before settled, and is now settled wrongly. And to say that citizens are bound to obey in all things lawful is not to say that they are to obey the laws of their countries, but it is to say that the Pope may decide what is lawful, and may by decree set aside laws which he does not choose to consider "lawful."

The pamphlet of Mr. GLADSTONE has therefore had the great and immediate effect of drawing from one of the most influential leaders of the power that now controls the Roman Church a substantial confirmation of the justice of his position that the Vatican claims to control the civil allegiance of all its adherents in every country. The assertion that such a claim is not a practical political evil is absurd. No man who knows the power of religious feeling and of superstition can doubt that, if the head of a Church holding the dogma now proclaimed should seriously attempt the exercise of his authority in any country, there would be a divided allegiance. To say that it is foolish to expect such a practical assertion of power is to commit a greater folly, not only because it is a power that has been practically asserted, but because the duty of statesmanship is to see every danger, and to forearm the state by forewarning it.

ARKANSAS.

THE question in Arkansas is one of the most important in a popular government. It is not whether a Constitution has been adopted by a great majority of the voters, which is not disputed, nor whether Mr. GARLAND has been elected Governor under it, which is admitted, but whether the Constitution was lawfully adopted, and, therefore, whether all proceedings under it, including GARLAND'S election, have any other than a revolutionary title. The Arkansas case presents the question in what way the people of a State may lawfully exercise their undoubted right of amending or changing their government. The Arkansas Constitution of 1868 provided a certain way for amending that instrument. The Legislature of last spring disregarded this provision entirely, and called a Convention which the Constitution did not authorize, and it is this Convention, assembled in disregard of the Constitution, which framed the instrument that was adopted by the voters, and under which GARLAND was elected. A similar course was followed in Pennsylvania in 1789, in Delaware in 1792, and in Maryland in 1850. In each case the Convention was wholly illegitimate. "It is obvious," says Judge JAMESON, "that to justify such proceedings on legal grounds would be to take away from the fundamental law that characteristic quality by which it is the law of laws, the supreme law of the land. If it be not the supreme law for all the purposes of a Constitution, in the American sense, it might as well be a piece of blank paper."

The Rhode Island case was different. In that State the old charter authorized no method of altering the government, and the political situation had become abnormal, the Legislature being elected by less than half the white male adult resident citizens. Mr. DORR was a gentleman of the best social connections, of high character, refinement, and education, and a diligent student of political science. He and his friends agitated and organized, and at last a mass Convention assembled, upon the basis of one delegate for every one thousand inhabitants, elected by American male citizens twenty-one years of age and upward who had resided in the State for one year next preceding the election. This Convention drafted a Constitution and submitted it to vote. It received, as was claimed, a clear majority of all the adult male residents, and a majority also of all who were qualified to vote by existing laws. The Convention thereupon declared the Constitution adopted, and at the election for which it provided Mr. DORR was elected Governor. He tried twice by force to inaugurate his government, but he was defeated by the old government, lived for some time in exile, then, returning to the State, was tried for treason, convicted, sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was pardoned after a short time, and soon after died. The Legislature ordered the record of his sentence to be expunged. In this case, if, as was claimed, the DORR Constitution received a majority of the legal votes, the event proved that the voters did not mean to justify such a revolutionary method of changing the government, but only to show that they thought the suffrage should be extended.

When the essential question of the lawful power of the people to change the fundamental law in the DORR manner was raised in the Circuit Court of the Rhode Island district, Judge STORY held that the old charter government had been continuously in full force and effect, and therefore its lawful acts were justifiable. The case, known as *Luther and Borden*, was carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of this tribunal equally evaded the question. It held that upon a question involving the lawful establishment of a State government the Supreme Court must follow the decision of the State courts, and that under the constitutional clauses guaranteeing defense of a State against domestic violence, etc., it is the function of Congress to decide which one of conflicting governments is to be protected. While, however, the court avoided a decision of the vital point, it was fully discussed by the counsel. Mr. B. F. HALLETT, of Massachusetts, argued the case upon Mr. DORR'S principles. Mr. WEBSTER opposed him. Mr. HALLETT'S argument was a plea for anarchy. Mr. WEBSTER'S set forth the principles upon which an organized popular government is distinguished from a mass-meeting. The point of his argument was that popular action to be valid must be lawful. There must be authority, qualifications, securities, sanctions. The people limit themselves, and their will can be known not from the utterances of mass-meetings, but only in the recognized manner which they have authorized. The people is a political body, not a collection of individuals, and except when acting by its recognized organs has no constitutional power whatever. To abandon this ground is to invite anarchy.

There is no pretense that the Constitution of Arkansas did not provide for its own amendment, and the Legislature called a Constitutional Convention not only without authority, but in contravention of authority. The call, therefore, and the Convention were illegal: they were revolutionary. Nor is the act made legal by an overwhelming popular majority for the work of the Convention, since there may be an illegal and revolutionary majority. The American principle is that governments originate with the people, and may be abolished or modified by the people; but only in the way that they have themselves prescribed either expressly or by usage. It may appear that in maintaining the claim of Mr. GARLAND in Arkansas Congress would be recognizing a revolutionary proceeding, which it would clearly have no right to do unless it should be satisfied that the evils of the situation justified such action. No degree of fatigue with "Southern rows" can excuse blindness to the fact that the Arkansas question involves one of the gravest points in our political system.

A STAB AT THE SCHOOLS.

THE direct and simple method of the enemies of the public shools to wound them fatally would evidently be to drive from them capable and proper teachers. The proposition to reduce the salaries of the teachers should therefore be very closely scrutinized. From what quarter and under what influences does it proceed, and what is its ostensible purpose? The Comptroller requested that the Board of Education would make the estimates as low as possible. This was done, and they were rigorously revised by the Board of Finance. But the Board of Apportionment has reduced the total by the sum of $380,000, of which $186,500 is taken from the estimate for salaries, which involves a reduction of at least seven per cent., as there can be no diminution of the number of teachers employed. Now, as many of them can live upon their present salaries only by the strictest economy, such a measure is a calamity. Another seven per cent. reduction next year can be urged on the same ground that it is advocated now, and the standing argument for all similar injustice, that there are plenty of persons who are ready to take the places at the reduced rates, could be pleaded quite as effectively.

A more wasteful economy can not be imagined. The one thing which should be constantly kept at the highest point of efficiency is our public-school system. The tax which is the most economical of all taxes is that for the schools. The salaries now paid to the teachers are very moderate. The highest sum paid is, we believe, $3000, while the average salary is $650 in the primary schools, and $750 in the grammar schools. Proper teachers can not be procured for smaller sums; and he who proposes to cut them down is an enemy of the character and efficiency of the schools. There are plenty of leaks in the city treasury that may be stopped if any body is sincerely anxious for economy. Perhaps Governor TILDEN will call attention to some of the city salaries as subjects that may properly engage the consideration of a "reform Democratic Legislature."

A NEW PARTY.

A GRAVE proposition for a new party has been telegraphed from Boston, and the report, after recounting the good things that were to be sought by it, concludes by saying that General BANKS is thought of as its Presidential candidate. Evidently the new party is in the mind of the reporter what Artemus Ward called a "goak." A new reform party, with General BANKS, late of the salary grab, as its candidate for President, would be as good a joke as the reform Democratic party with FERNANDO WOOD next year, as he was last year, its candidate for Speaker. Those who recur to new parties as remedies for abuses and troubles take account of every thing but the actual situation. One of the most powerful of the Cincinnati chiefs of 1872, when we warned him to beware of his allies, asked us whether we really thought that there was any thing left that could be called the Democratic party. A new party is not made by the co-operation of a knot of good citizens and clever men who see that certain abuses exist and that certain reforms are desirable. It grows out of a very general conviction among men of both or all parties that certain great measures are indispensable, and that they are not to be expected from any existing party. In this way the Republican party began. The larger part of the Whigs and a considerable body of Democrats were persuaded that neither the Whig nor the Democratic party could be trusted to deal effectively with slavery extension, and in 1855 they formed a new party, which in 1856 polled more than thirteen hundred thousand votes.

But at the present time how many Democrats are likely to leave their party to help form a new one? and how many Republicans, having seen their party willing to defeat obnoxious candidates, however regularly nominated, feel that it is necessary to form a new organization? There will be no new party, and the President in 1876 will be chosen either by the Republicans or the Democrats. Those who think that a new party might have been formed in 1872 make the mistake of forgetting that the popular confidence of the great mass of the Republicans in the President was not disturbed, and was so firm and unshaken that even the action of Mr. SUMNER occasioned only regret, but no visible abandonment of the party. Twenty other leaders might have followed Mr. Sumner, but they would have followed him alone. The mass of their associates would have remained behind. This was a fact that settled the situation. Those who saw this and understood the reason, however they may have seen abuses and offenses in the government, knew that the practical alternative was the re-election of Grant or Democratic restoration. The Cincinnati Convention was composed of a few honest Republicans, who represented no votes, and a host of "bummers" and "sore-heads," who used the name of reform to gratify personal discontent and private ambition. In the campaign that followed, the first class either gave a protesting support to Grant, or served independently as Greeley guerrillas. The latter class, which was the great mass, worked heartily in the Democratic ranks, and have been now wholly absorbed in the party.

This was the last effort at the formation of a new party. But now, when the Democrats think themselves virtually triumphant and sure of success in 1876, and when the Republicans believe their party to be purged, the suggestion of a new organization is merely amusing. What Democrat does not think that his party will deal wisely with the currency and the Southern States, and govern economically? What Republican does not feel that the Jonahs are falling into the sea? A new party of reform, even with General Banks or General Butler as its leader, could hardly disturb the serene confidence of the political situation.

WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR OUR POOR?

The winter threatens to be a hard one for the poor, and a statement has been published, signed by many well-known citizens of high character, that there are probably 70,000 persons in the city of New York unemployed. This means that the number of those needing relief will be enormously increased, and the subject is one of commanding importance. There are nearly two hundred societies of relief, with about a hundred branches, and with the sum which the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections are authorized to expend in the public institutions, and including the expenses of the Emigration Commissioners and the United States Marine Hospital Service, a sum of nearly seven millions of dollars is available for purposes of charity. The first question that presents itself, therefore, is the kind and extent of organization which exists to use this enormous sum economically and effectively. The consciousness of the need of relief, of the profuse provision that was made for it, and of the paramount necessity of thorough and careful system, was the origin of the Bureau of Charities last year, of which Theodore Roosevelt is chairman, and the members of which are Messrs. William Butler Duncan, Rev. Dr. Hall, Abram S. Hewitt, Professor Charles A. Joy, Ezra M. Kingsley, Joseph Seligman, and Henry E. Pellew. Mr. Pellew is the secretary, and his brief report, just issued, should be in the hands of every intelligent citizen, for it tells him precisely what he should do as a citizen both to relieve suffering and to provide good laws for the systematizing of relief.

The two hundred societies of which we have spoken act independently of each other. The consequences, of course, are not only immense waste and confusion and increase of facilities for the utmost deception, but also for the maintenance of swindling societies. A principal aim of the bureau, therefore, has been to make itself a clearing-house of charities. Originating in the sagacity of many officers of various charitable associations, it has invited the sympathy and co-operation of all, but some of the most important have withheld their assistance. It has ascertained, however, that there is an excess of certain classes of charities and a lack of others, that there are charitable societies which are mere swindles, and that while many honest associations cover the same ground and relieve the same persons, no one of them gives enough to satisfy even immediate wants, while yet some professional beggars who are relieved by the societies are owners of property and have a balance in the bank. The knowledge or the suspicion of this state of things chills sympathy, restrains subscriptions, and disheartens and perplexes the entire work of charity. The bureau has made, therefore, a very thorough register of nearly 14,000 persons receiving relief, with their streets and houses; and by a hearty co-operation upon the part of all the societies, such as prevails in Philadelphia among the Jewish benevolent associations, and which those in New York are adopting—which has been happily tested, also, by the Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and in the best-worked districts of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—there might be an organization of charitable relief in the city of New York which should provide for every worthy case of distress, and secure an almost perfect system of investigation and improvement of the condition of the poor.

The bureau expresses the strongest condemnation of every form of street alms as a gross injustice to the honest poor and an aid to the vagrant class. It also exposes the necessarily mischievous tendency of soup-kitchens and free lodging-houses, however well meant. The Commissioners of Charities and Corrections have charge of all vagrants, disorderly persons, and paupers who may be committed or who may apply to them for relief, while the voluntary associations, properly systematized, could care for all other cases. For this result, of course, the chief dependence must be upon the plain reason of the case and the good sense of the managers. The Legislature, also, must refuse to grant charters for charitable associations, except upon the most careful investigation; and we heartily support the suggestion of the report of the bureau that instead of intrusting the large sum of State aid, estimated last year at $680,000, to the distribution of the Board of Apportionment of the city, it should be confided to some body constituted like the State Board of Charities. In England the private charities receive no government aid except the training ships for the mercantile marine, and the report says that no objection could be made to having the charitable institutions here, as in London, depend entirely for their support on endowments and subscriptions, with the use of private reformatory schools by the State upon occasion and on the payment of the cost.

The report shows plainly the need of some intelligent, comprehensive, and practicable general system of charity in the State. But while that is yet wanting, the method adopted by the bureau, and which should become the basis of a general system, is altogether admirable. The gentlemen who have initiated it, and who have put it into operation, are public benefactors who merit the most grateful recognition.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

The act for compulsory education passed last May by the New York Legislature goes into operation on the 1st of January, and its results in the city of New York will be watched with great interest. The rapid growth of opinion upon the subject is shown by the fact that only seven years ago the Committee on Education in the Constitutional Convention did not think it worth while even to suggest the proposition, so little sympathy and support did it receive. But the experiment is now to be tried, and the sagacious enforcement of the act can not fail to have very important consequences. The bill provides that every child of the proper age shall be instructed in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, geography, and arithmetic for not less than fourteen weeks in every year; and any employer who violates the law by preventing the school attendance of any child is to be fined fifty dollars for each offense. The school trustees are to examine regularly the factories in which children are employed, and to provide text-books when parents are unable to do so. If the parent complains that he is unable to compel the child to attend, the trustees are to deal with him as a habitual truant. The magistrates who are to have jurisdiction are justices of the peace, civil justices, and police justices.

The Board of Education in the city are having a census of the school-children made. This can be thorough and accurate, if proper care be taken, for each police roundsman has a beat of but about three blocks. The necessary details can thus be ascertained: the number of children, their names, ages, and residences; their occupations and places of employment. Those beyond the lines, the street Arabs, have their haunts, and can be brought within the knowledge and supervision of the law. Larger accommodation must, of course, be made for vagrancy, and it may be found necessary to provide some kind of reform schools for the resolute vagabonds. In many of the large English cities the compulsory system has been tried, and with excellent results. At a late meeting of the Social Science Congress a paper was read showing that the increase of the number of children in average attendance at school was about 86 per cent. in Birmingham, 100 per cent. in Sheffield, 32 per cent. in Bristol, 50 per cent. in Newcastle, 97 per cent. in Hull, 59 per cent. in Nottingham. This paper, prepared by Mr. Moss, the clerk of the Sheffield School Board, was full of valuable information. Thus of 100 prosecutions against parents and employers for contravening the act, 75 were the cases, not of poor widows dependent upon their children's aid, but of skilled workmen, some of them able to earn fifteen dollars a week, but given to drink and vice.

The effects of a thorough enforcement of the system have long been conspicuous in Germany, nor has any intelligent observer any doubt that General Hazen was correct in attributing very much of the results of the Franco-German war to the fact that it was a conflict of educated with uneducated bayonets. But a thorough enforcement of the law can not be expected in the city of New York, and for a very simple and obvious reason. It will be administered by those who are elected by the popular vote, and a very powerful element in that vote is Roman Catholic, and the Roman Church opposes the public schools, and has already more than seventy-five parochial schools of its own. Its demand is that taxes for public education shall be abolished, or that it shall have its share of the fund. As we have a hundred times pointed out, this is a demand that the fundamental American principle of separation of church and state shall be abrogated. But it is here that the difficulty in enforcing the new law will be felt; and we shall have another illustration of the mischief arising from a political Church.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Francis Galton, the "Hereditary Genius" man, is about to publish a curious collection of statistics under the head of *English Men of Science*. He has rifled blue-books and lists of universities and scientific societies for pertinent facts, and has bored several hundreds of scientific men with a circular in which he "wants to know, you know," what can be got at on the following points: "Race and birth-place," "occupation of parents and position in life," "physical peculiarities of parents," "size of family" etc., etc. We in New York don't care a button for that sort of thing. As for Chicago, we may quote the remark of its principal pork-packer, who said, "There's less daddyism in Chicago than in any place on the planet."

—Governor elect George S. Houston, of Alabama, is a gentleman who figured prominently in State and national politics prior to the rebellion. He is one of the wealthiest men in the State, and one of her ablest lawyers. From 1841 to 1849 and from 1851 to 1861 he was in Congress, and for two years each was chairman of the Committees of Ways and Means and the Judiciary. In 1865 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat.

—Speaking of John Brown, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke stated during a recent sermon on "The Classification of Saints" that the last time he mentioned J. B.'s name on the platform of Music Hall, Boston, was in the spring of 1861, when it was met with such a storm of hisses that he was unable to proceed.

—Mr. Gaston, the Governor elect of Massachusetts, is a fortunate gentleman. In 1864 he invested $4000 in real estate in Denver, Colorado. In June last the returns had amounted to $6500, and the sale of the rest of the property, just concluded, brings in $169,300—a total of $175,800 made with $4000 in ten years.

—A Boston correspondent of the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "The longest pastorate in New England, if not in America, or any where in any age, was probably that of Dr. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut, late president of Union College. He was settled in Franklin in 1782 and died in 1852, the period of his ministry being seventy years, eight months, and thirteen days." There is one case, at least, that will beat it. The Rev. Laban Ainsworth, of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, died in 1857 at the age of one hundred, having been settled over his church since 1782—a period of seventy-five years. He began preaching as a candidate about a year before his ordination, so that his ministry to one people covered the long period of seventy-six years.

—John L. Clem, the drummer-boy of Chickamauga, has been promoted from a second to a first lieutenancy in the regular army.

—Victor Hugo gave the other day in Paris one of those little dinners which for a day or so constitute the town chat. It was in honor of M. Castelar, then in Paris. Among the guests were Louis Blanc, August Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, Théodore de Banville, etc. At the dessert M. Hugo proposed a toast to the ex-chief of the Spanish republic, and expressed the hope of seeing a union of the four Latin nations, France, Italy, Spain, and Greece. M. Castelar, in a few felicitous words, thanked the excellent Hugo for the honor, etc., etc., etc.

—The Marquis Henry O'Neill, who has just died a lieutenant in the French army, claimed to be descended in a direct line from the famous Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, who waged a long war against Elizabeth. His genealogical tree shows many alliances with the M'Mahons, and in the list of his family the number of monarchs, saints, and such is something enormous. It includes a line of 180 kings who reigned in Ireland for nearly 2000 years.

—Abd-el-Kader-el-Kerim, one of the richest land-owners in the province of Constantine, has arrived in Paris. He was educated in France, and is very French. His palace of Nemouna is fitted up "regardless." His appliances for hunting are sanguinary to the last degree. They consist of a pack of 250 dogs for the ordinary chase, and sixty of a very nobby breed specially devoted to the pursuit of the gazelle. His flocks and herds are immense, numbering 2500 horses, 17,000 mules, and 120,000 oxen and sheep. And with all these at command, he is troubled with hypo, and comes to Paris for something fresh to laugh at.

—Young Master Edinburgh, who has just dawned upon England, has before him a very clover-y future. On the death of his uncle, Ernest II., the Duke of Edinburgh will become sovereign of the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and his eldest son will be heir-apparent. It is a prosperous duchy, and in the event of the Duke of Edinburgh succeeding him, the $125,000 per annum granted to him by the British government will not be discontinued.

—The recent removal of the registers of the Court of Probate in London has caused to be brought afresh to public notice the wills of certain people whose names are famous. Among them is the will of Shakspeare. One of the folios is interlined in the bard's own handwriting, "I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture." The date is March 25, 1616. The will of Milton is also there; Napoleon's will was there, but was given up to the French authorities by desire of the late Emperor Napoleon III.

—The Rev. Dr. Robinson, president of Brown University, is mentioned in connection with the United States Senate, to succeed Governor Sprague.

—Mr. W. L. Brigham, formerly connected with the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, has become sole editorial manager of the Boston *Courier*. Mr. Brigham is a vigorous and graceful writer, both in prose and poetry, and has the experience and aptitude for successfully conducting a leading journal.

—M. Offenbach has received, according to a statement in the *Belgian Times*, $400,000 for the author's rights of only three of his operas. We rather favor the idea that this is about 300,000 times above that perfect accuracy which we are accustomed to regard as essential in statements of a pecuniary character.

—There has just been a change in the Portuguese legation at Washington. M. De Souza-Lobo, a diplomate of distinction, who has represented his Most Faithful Majesty at Rome and Paris, and whose house in Washington has for three years past been one of the centres of the pleasantest social life there known, has retired to make way for the Baron de Santanna. M. De Souza-Lobo is one of the wise foreign diplomates who have fitted themselves for distinction in America by marrying an American wife. M. Bodisco, of Russia, led the way by his marriage years ago with Miss Williams, a lovely Georgetown girl of sixteen. Since then we have seen the French Count de Sartiges married to Miss Howard, of Springfield, Massachusetts; the French Marquis de Montholon married to Miss Gratiot, of St. Louis; the Dutch Baron van Limburg married to Miss Wright, of New Jersey; M. De Berghes, of the Belgian legation, married to Miss Macalester, of Philadelphia; M. Potestad, of the Spanish legation, married long ago to the charming Miss Chapman, of the same city; Count Maximilian Esterhazy married to the widow of General Griffin; the present Swedish envoy married to a lady of Maryland; and Mr. Henry Howard, of the English legation, married to a daughter of Mr. George Riggs, of Washington. These make up a brilliant list of fair American diplomatists shining now, some of them in foreign courts and some in our own capital. Madame De Souza-Lobo was a Miss Allien, of New York.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The official count of the votes cast at the November election has been rendered in several of the States. New York gives Tilden a majority over Dix of 50,309; Clark, the Temperance candidate, received 11,786 votes. The State Assembly has 53 Republicans and 75 Democrats. Of the Congressmen elected 15 are Republicans, 1 Independent, and 17 Democrats. New York city gave Tilden a majority of 42,528. Virginia returns 7 Democratic Congressmen and 2 Republicans. In Maryland all the Congressmen are Democrats, by a majority of 14,135. New Jersey gives Governor Bedle (Democrat) 13,309 majority, and returns 5 Democrats and 2 Republicans to Congress. In Nevada the Democratic Governor has 2000 majority, while the Legislature on joint ballot has a Republican majority of 22. Gaston (Democrat) has a majority of 6558 as Governor of Massachusetts. Chamberlain's majority in South Carolina is 10,667. In Michigan the constitutional amendments were defeated by a large vote. Pennsylvania went Democratic for Lieutenant-Governor by a majority of 4679; of the Congressmen 10 are Republicans and 17 Democrats; the Legislature on joint ballot has 9 Democratic majority. Iowa shows a Republican majority of 28,202, and returns to Congress 8 Republicans and 1 Anti-monopolist.

All the amendments to the constitution of this State voted on by the people at the recent election have been adopted by a large majority.

The tug-boat *Lily*, while towing a schooner through Hell Gate November 17, exploded, killing the captain, steward, and one of the deck hands. The screw-steamer *Louisiana*, of the Bay Line, bound from Baltimore to Norfolk, was run into by the steamer *Falcon* in Chesapeake Bay and sunk November 14. All on board were saved. The coast packet *Empire* foundered while approaching her dock at New Orleans November 17, and fourteen passengers and several of the crew are believed to have been lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Argentine revolution still continued, according to latest advices, and General Mitre, at the head of the rebels, was still confronting the government troops.

An Arabian paper reports that a force of armed Egyptians has captured Darfour, in Africa, and killed the Sultan.

The houses of the American missionaries in Latakia, Syria, having been violently entered by an armed force, the American minister has demanded full and complete satisfaction for the outrage. The Grand Vizier promises to investigate the circumstances, and if wrong has been done, to repair it.

The Spanish forces in Cuba have been reinforced by a thousand marines, who reached Santiago November 18.

The Russian government has resolved to introduce the Prussian system of compulsory education in its schools immediately, beginning at St. Petersburg.

The German Reichstag has re-elected Herr Forkenbeck president by a unanimous vote.

The trial of the Count von Arnim has been postponed until December 9. Meanwhile he will be allowed to take walks of one hour daily in the company of a policeman, but he is forbidden to ride.

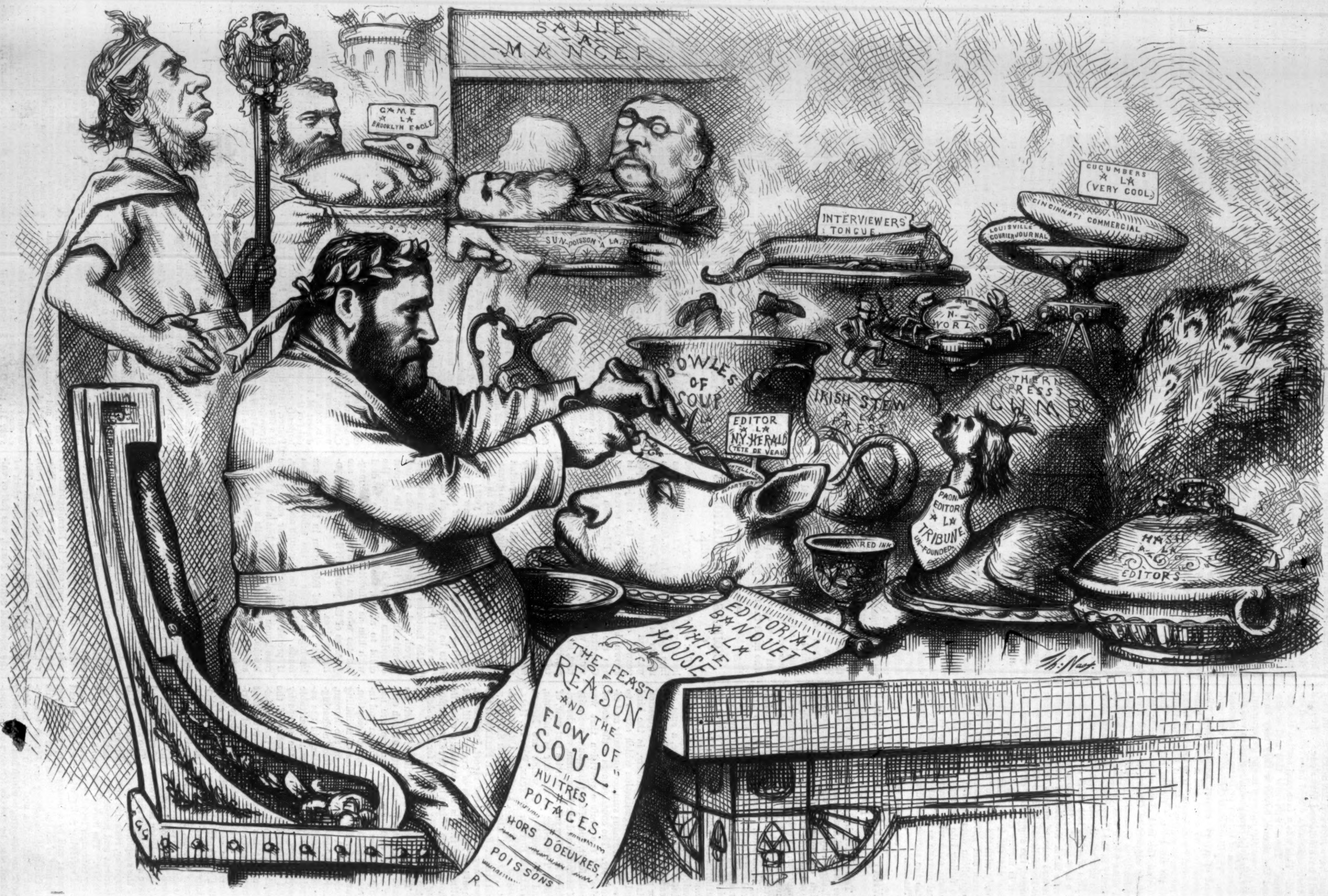
The recent Italian elections give the Right a majority of 77 in the Chamber of Deputies.

Mr. Disraeli has been re-elected Rector of the University of Glasgow by 700 votes, against 500 for Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Tom Hood, editor of the London *Fun*, and author of several popular works, died November 20.

The Carlists have again occupied positions around Irun. Thirty-seven prisoners captured by them at Cavello were immediately shot.

Several disasters occurred during the week on sea and land. The Warren Vale Coal Mine, in Yorkshire, England, exploded November 20, killing twenty-four men and injuring many. Five Yarmouth fishing boats were lost in the recent gale, with thirty souls on board. A boat belonging to the English war steamer *Aurora* was run down in the Clyde November 19, and seventeen men were drowned.


SALLE A MANGER
GAME A LA BROOKLYN EAGLE
SUN-POISSON A LA
INTERVIEWERS' TONGUE
CUCUMBERS A LA (VERY COOL)
CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL
LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL
N.Y. WORLD
BOWLES OF SOUP A LA
EDITOR A LA N.Y. HERALD (TÊTE DE VEAU)
INTELLIGENCER
DEPARTMENT
IRISH STEW A LA PRESS
THERN PRESS
CHUMB
PAON EDITOR A LA TRIBUNE UN-FOUNDED
RED INK
HASH A LA EDITORS
EDITORIAL BANQUET A LA WHITE HOUSE
"THE FEAST OF REASON AND THE FLOW OF SOUL."
HUITRES,
POTAGES.
HORS D'OEUVRES.
POISSONS
Th. Nast

"UPON WHAT MEAT DOTH THIS OUR CÆSAR FEED THAT HE HATH GROWN SO GREAT?"—*Daily Press Question.*

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND QUESTION—WHO POISONED HER?

The evidence of the doctors and the chemists closed the proceedings on the first day of the Trial.

On the second day the evidence to be produced by the prosecution was anticipated with a general feeling of curiosity and interest. The Court was now to hear what had been seen and done by the persons officially appointed to verify such cases of suspected crime as the case which had occurred at Gleninch. The Procurator-Fiscal—being the person officially appointed to direct the preliminary investigations of the law—was the first witness called on the second day of the Trial.

Examined by the Lord Advocate, the Fiscal gave his evidence, as follows:

"On the twenty-sixth of October I received a communication from Doctor Jerome, of Edinburgh, and from Mr. Alexander Gale, medical practitioner, residing in the village or hamlet of Dingdovie, near Edinburgh. The communication related to the death, under circumstances of suspicion, of Mrs. Eustace Macallan, at her husband's house, hard by Dingdovie, called Gleninch. There were also forwarded to me, inclosed in the document just mentioned, two reports. One described the results of a post-mortem examination of the deceased lady, and the other stated the discoveries made after a chemical analysis of certain of the interior organs of her body. The result in both instances proved to demonstration that Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died of poisoning by arsenic.

"Under these circumstances, I set in motion a search and inquiry in the house at Gleninch and elsewhere simply for the purpose of throwing light on the circumstances which had attended the lady's death.

"No criminal charge in connection with the death was made at my office against any person, either in the communication which I received from the medical men or in any other form. The investigations at Gleninch and elsewhere, beginning on the twenty-sixth of October, were not completed until the twenty-eighth. Upon this latter date—acting on certain discoveries which were reported to me, and on my own examination of letters and other documents brought to my office—I made a criminal charge against the prisoner, and obtained a warrant for his apprehension. He was examined before the sheriff on the twenty-ninth of October, and was committed for trial before this Court."

The Fiscal having made his statement, and having been cross-examined (on technical matters only), the persons employed in his office were called next. These men had a story of startling interest to tell. Theirs were the fatal discoveries which had justified the Fiscal in charging my husband with the murder of his wife. The first of the witnesses was a sheriff's officer. He gave his name as Isaiah Schoolcraft.

Examined by Mr. Drew—Advocate-Depute, and counsel for the Crown, with the Lord Advocate—Isaiah Schoolcraft said:

"I got a warrant on the twenty-sixth of October to go to the country-house near Edinburgh called Gleninch. I took with me Robert Lorrie, assistant to the Fiscal. We first examined the room in which Mrs. Eustace Macallan had died. On the bed, and on a movable table which was attached to it, we found books and writing materials, and a paper containing some unfinished verses in manuscript, afterward identified as being in the handwriting of the deceased. We inclosed these articles in paper, and sealed them up.

"We next opened an Indian cabinet in the bedroom. Here we found many more verses on many more sheets of paper in the same handwriting. We also discovered, first some letters, and next a crumpled piece of paper thrown aside in a corner of one of the shelves. On closer examination, a chemist's printed label was discovered on this morsel of paper. We also found in the folds of it a few scattered grains of some white powder. The paper and the letters were carefully inclosed, and sealed up as before.

"Further investigation of the room revealed nothing which could throw any light on the purpose of our inquiry. We examined the clothes, jewelry, and books of the deceased. These we left under lock and key. We also found her dressing-case, which we protected by seals, and took away with us to the Fiscal's office, along with all the other articles that we had discovered in the room.

"The next day we continued our examination in the house, having received in the interval fresh instructions from the Fiscal. We began our work in the bedroom communicating with the room in which Mrs. Macallan had died. It had been kept locked since the death. Finding nothing of any importance here, we went next to another room on the same floor, in which we were informed the prisoner was then lying ill in bed.

"His illness was described to us as a nervous complaint, caused by the death of his wife, and by the proceedings which had followed it. He was reported to be quite incapable of exerting himself, and quite unfit to see strangers. We insisted nevertheless (in deference to our instructions) on obtaining admission to his room. He made no reply when we inquired whether he had or had not removed any thing from the sleeping-room next to his late wife's, which he usually occupied, to the sleeping-room in which he now lay. All he did was to close his eyes, as if he was too feeble to speak to us or to notice us. Without further disturbing him, we began to examine the room and the different objects in it.

"While we were so employed we were interrupted by a strange sound. We likened it to the rumbling of wheels in the corridor outside.

"The door opened, and there came swiftly in a gentleman—a cripple—wheeling himself along in a chair. He wheeled his chair straight up to a little table which stood by the prisoner's bedside, and said something to him in a whisper too low to be overheard. The prisoner opened his eyes, and quickly answered by a sign. We informed the crippled gentleman, quite respectfully, that we could not allow him to be in the room at this time. He appeared to think nothing of what we said. He only answered, 'My name is Dexter. I am one of Mr. Macallan's old friends. It is you who are intruding here—not I.' We again notified to him that he must leave the room; and we pointed out particularly that he had got his chair in such a position against the bedside table as to prevent us from examining it. He only laughed. 'Can't you see for yourselves,' he said, 'that it is a table and nothing more?' In reply to this we warned him that we were acting under a legal warrant, and that he might get into trouble if he obstructed us in the execution of our duty. Finding there was no moving him by fair means, I took his chair and pulled it away, while Robert Lorrie laid hold of the table and carried it to the other end of the room. The crippled gentleman flew into a furious rage with me for presuming to touch his chair. 'My chair is Me,' he said: 'how dare you lay hands on Me?' I first opened the door, and then, by way of accommodating him, gave the chair a good push behind with my stick instead of my hand, and so sent it and him safely and swiftly out of the room.

"Having locked the door, so as to prevent any further intrusion, I joined Robert Lorrie in examining the bedside table. It had one drawer in it, and that drawer we found secured.

"We asked the prisoner for the key.

"He flatly refused to give it to us, and said we had no right to unlock his drawers. He was so angry that he even declared it was lucky for us he was too weak to rise from his bed. I answered civilly that our duty obliged us to examine the drawer, and that if he still declined to produce the key, he would only oblige us to take the table away and have the lock opened by a smith.

"While we were still disputing there was a knock at the door of the room.

"I opened the door cautiously. Instead of the crippled gentleman, whom I had expected to see again, there was another stranger standing outside. The prisoner hailed him as a friend and neighbor, and eagerly called upon him for protection from us. We found this second gentleman pleasant enough to deal with. He informed us readily that he had been sent for by Mr. Dexter, and that he was himself a lawyer, and he asked to see our warrant. Having looked at it, he at once informed the prisoner (evidently very much to the prisoner's surprise) that he must submit to have the drawer examined, under protest. And then, without more ado, he got the key, and opened the table drawer for us himself.

"We found inside several letters, and a large book with a lock to it, having the words 'My Diary' inscribed on it in gilt letters. As a matter of course, we took possession of the letters and the Diary, and sealed them up, to be given to the Fiscal. At the same time the gentleman wrote out a protest on the prisoner's behalf, and handed us his card. The card informed us that he was Mr. Playmore, now one of the Agents for the prisoner. The card and the protest were deposited, with the other documents, in the care of the Fiscal. No other discoveries of any importance were made at Gleninch.

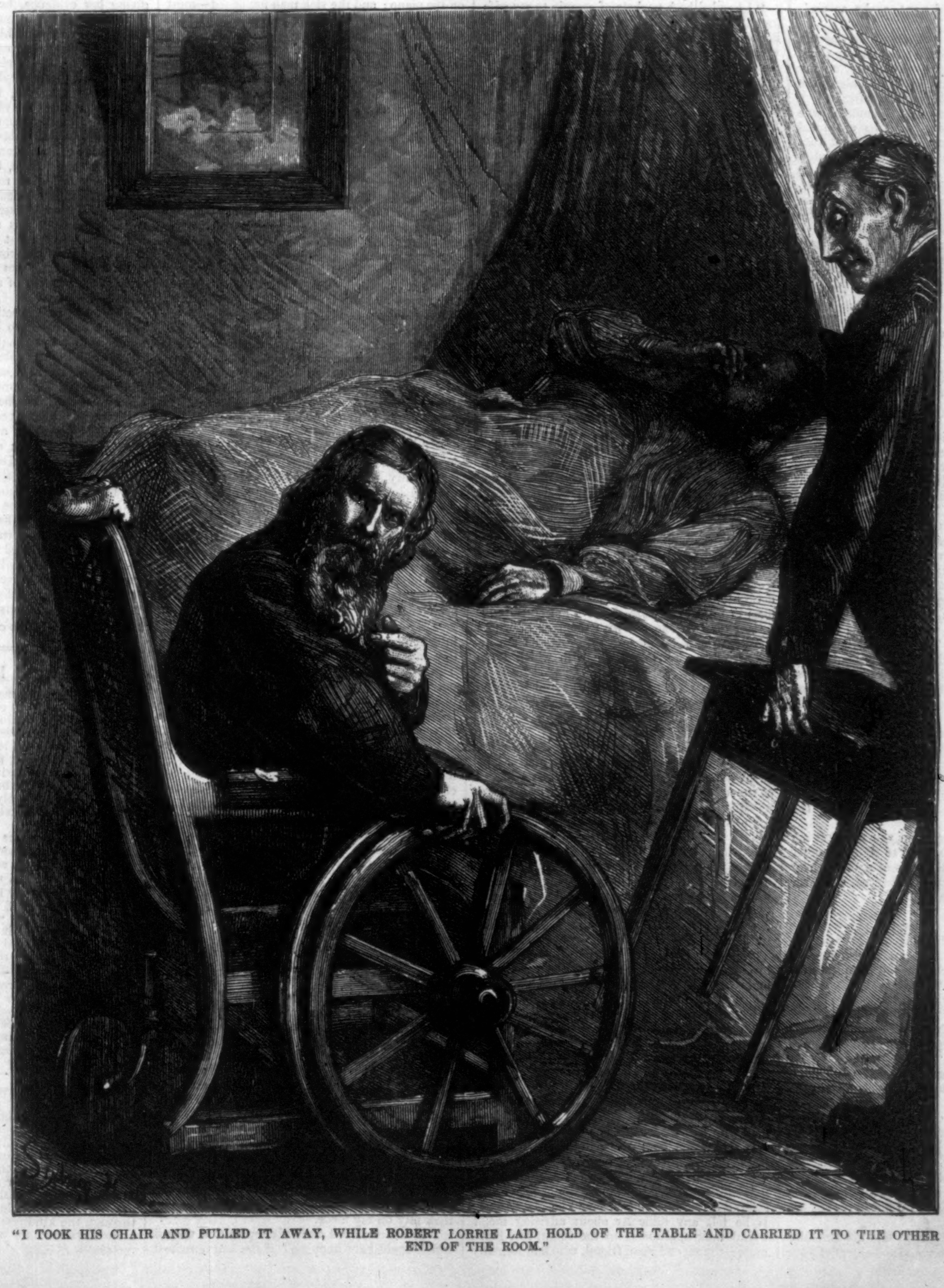
"Our next inquiries took us to Edinburgh.—to the druggist whose label we had found on the crumpled morsel of paper, and to other druggists likewise whom we were instructed to question. On the twenty-eighth of October the Fiscal was in possession of all the information that we could collect, and our duties for the time being came to an end."

This concluded the evidence of Schoolcraft and Lorrie. It was not shaken on cross-examination, and it was plainly unfavorable to the prisoner.

Matters grew worse still when the next witnesses were called. The druggist whose label had been found on the crumpled bit of paper now appeared on the stand, to make the position of my unhappy husband more critical than ever.

Andrew Kinlay, druggist, of Edinburgh, deposed as follows:

"I keep a special registry book of the poisons sold by me. I produce the book. On the date therein mentioned the prisoner at the bar, Mr. Eustace Macallan, came into my shop, and said that he wished to purchase some arsenic. I asked him what it was wanted for. He told me it was wanted by his gardener, to be used, in solution, for the killing of insects in the green-house. At the same time he mentioned his name—Mr. Macallan, of Gleninch. I at once directed my assistant to put up the arsenic (two ounces of it), and I made the necessary entry in my book. Mr. Macallan signed the entry, and I signed it afterward as witness. He paid for the arsenic, and took it away with him wrapped up in two



"I TOOK HIS CHAIR AND PULLED IT AWAY, WHILE ROBERT LORRIE LAID HOLD OF THE TABLE AND CARRIED IT TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM."

papers, the outer wrapper being labeled with my name and address, and with the word 'Poison' in large letters—exactly like the label now produced on the piece of paper found at Gleninch."

The next witness, Peter Stockdale (also a druggist of Edinburgh), followed, and said:

"The prisoner at the bar called at my shop on the date indicated on my register, some days later than the date indicated in the register of Mr. Kinlay. He wished to purchase sixpennyworth of arsenic. My assistant, to whom he had addressed himself, called me. It is a rule in my shop that no one sells poisons but myself. I asked the prisoner what he wanted the arsenic for. He answered that he wanted it for killing rats at his house, called Gleninch. I said, 'Have I the honor of speaking to Mr. Macallan, of Gleninch?' He said that was his name. I sold him the arsenic—about an ounce and a half—and labeled the bottle in which I put it with the word 'Poison' in my own handwriting. He signed the register, and took the arsenic away with him, after paying for it."

The cross-examination of these two men succeeded in asserting certain technical objections to their evidence. But the terrible fact that my husband himself had actually purchased the arsenic in both cases remained unshaken.

The next witnesses—the gardener and the cook at Gleninch—wound the chain of hostile evidence round the prisoner more mercilessly still.

On examination the gardener said, on his oath:

"I never received any arsenic from the prisoner, or from any one else, at the date to which you refer, or at any other date. I never used any such thing as a solution of arsenic, or ever allowed the men working under me to use it, in the conservatories or in the garden at Gleninch. I disapprove of arsenic as a means of destroying noxious insects infesting flowers and plants."

The cook, being called next, spoke as positively as the gardener.

"Neither my master nor any other person gave me any arsenic to destroy rats at any time. No such thing was wanted. I declare, on my oath, that I never saw any rats in or about the house, or ever heard of any rats infesting it."

Other household servants at Gleninch gave similar evidence. Nothing could be extracted from them on cross-examination except that there might have been rats in the house, though they were not aware of it. The possession of the poison was traced directly to my husband, and to no one else. That he had bought it was actually proved, and that he had kept it was the one conclusion that the evidence justified.

The witnesses who came next did their best to press the charge against the prisoner home to him. Having the arsenic in his possession, what had he done with it? The evidence led the jury to infer what he had done with it.

The prisoner's valet deposed that his master had rung for him at twenty minutes to ten on the morning of the day on which his mistress died, and had ordered a cup of tea for her. The man had received the order at the open door of Mrs. Macallan's room, and could positively swear that no other person but his master was there at the time.

The under house-maid appearing next, said that she had made the tea, and had herself taken it up stairs before ten o'clock to Mrs. Macallan's room. Her master had received it from her at the open door. She could look in, and could see that he was alone in her mistress's room.

The nurse, Christina Ormsay, being recalled, repeated what Mrs. Macallan had said to her on the day when that lady was first taken ill. She had said (speaking to the nurse at six o'clock in the morning), "Mr. Macallan came in about an hour since; he found me still sleepless, and gave me my composing draught." This was at five o'clock in the morning, while Christina Ormsay was asleep on the sofa. The nurse further swore that she had looked at the bottle containing the composing mixture, and had seen by the measuring marks on the bottle that a dose had been poured out since the dose previously given, administered by herself.

On this occasion special interest was excited by the cross-examination. The closing questions put to the under house-maid and the nurse revealed for the first time what the nature of the defense was to be.

Cross-examining the under house-maid, the Dean of Faculty said:

"Did you ever notice when you were setting Mrs. Eustace Macallan's room to rights whether the water left in the basin was of a blackish or bluish color?" The witness answered, "I never noticed any thing of the sort."

The Dean of Faculty went on:

"Did you ever find under the pillow of the bed, or in any other hiding-place in Mrs. Macallan's room, any books or pamphlets telling of remedies used for improving a bad complexion?" The witness answered, "No."

The Dean of Faculty persisted:

"Did you ever hear Mrs. Macallan speak of arsenic, taken as a wash or taken as a medicine, as a good thing to improve the complexion?" The witness answered, "Never."

Similar questions were next put to the nurse, and were all answered by this witness also in the negative.

Here, then, in spite of the negative answers, was the plan of the defense made dimly visible for the first time to the jury and to the audience. By way of preventing the possibility of a mistake in so serious a matter, the Chief Judge (the Lord Justice Clerk) put this plain question, when the witnesses had retired, to the Counsel for the defense:

"The Court and the jury," said his lordship, "wish distinctly to understand the object of your cross-examination of the house-maid and the nurse. Is it the theory of the defense that Mrs. Eustace Macallan used the arsenic which her husband purchased, for the purpose of improving the defects of her complexion?"

The Dean of Faculty answered:

"That is what we say, my lord, and what we propose to prove as the foundation of the defense. We can not dispute the medical evidence which declares that Mrs. Macallan died poisoned. But we assert that she died of an overdose of arsenic, ignorantly taken, in the privacy of her own room, as a remedy for the defects—the proved and admitted defects—of her complexion. The prisoner's Declaration before the Sheriff expressly sets forth that he purchased the arsenic at the request of his wife."

The Lord Justice Clerk inquired upon this if there was any objection on the part of either of the learned counsel to have the Declaration read in Court before the Trial proceeded further.

To this the Dean of Faculty replied that he would be glad to have the Declaration read. If he might use the expression, it would usefully pave the way in the minds of the jury for the defense which he had to submit to them.

The Lord Advocate (speaking on the other side) was happy to be able to accommodate his learned brother in this matter. So long as the mere assertions which the Declaration contained were not supported by proof, he looked upon that document as evidence for the prosecution, and he too was quite willing to have it read.

Thereupon the prisoner's Declaration of his innocence—on being charged before the Sheriff with the murder of his wife—was read, in the following terms:

"I bought the two packets of arsenic, on each occasion at my wife's own request. On the first occasion she told me the poison was wanted by the gardener for use in the conservatories. On the second occasion she said it was required by the cook for ridding the lower part of the house of rats.

"I handed both packets of arsenic to my wife immediately on my return home. I had nothing to do with the poison after buying it. My wife was the person who gave orders to the gardener and cook—not I. I never held any communication with either of them.

"I asked my wife no questions about the use of the arsenic, feeling no interest in the subject. I never entered the conservatories for months together; I care little about flowers. As for the rats, I left the killing of them to the cook and the other servants, just as I should have left any other part of the domestic business to the cook and the other servants.

"My wife never told me she wanted the arsenic to improve her complexion. Surely I should be the last person admitted to the knowledge of such a secret of her toilet as that? I implicitly believed what she told me, viz., that the poison was wanted for the purposes specified by the gardener and the cook.

"I assert positively that I lived on friendly terms with my wife, allowing, of course, for the little occasional disagreements and misunderstandings of married life. Any sense of disappointment in connection with my marriage which I might have felt privately, I conceived it to be my duty, as a husband and a gentleman, to conceal from my wife. I was not only shocked and grieved by her untimely death—I was filled with fear that I had not, with all my care, behaved affectionately enough to her in her lifetime.

"Furthermore, I solemnly declare that I know no more of how she took the arsenic found in her body than the babe unborn. I am innocent even of the thought of harming that unhappy woman. I administered the composing draught exactly as I found it in the bottle. I afterward gave her the cup of tea exactly as I received it from the under house-maid's hand. I never had access to the arsenic after I placed the two packages in my wife's possession. I am entirely ignorant of what she did with them or of where she kept them. I declare before God I am innocent of the horrible crime with which I am charged."

With the reading of those true and touching words the proceedings on the second day of the Trial came to an end.

So far, I must own, the effect on me of reading the Report was to depress my spirits and to lower my hopes. The whole weight of the evidence at the close of the second day was against my unhappy husband. Woman as I was, and partisan as I was, I could plainly see that.

The merciless Lord Advocate (I confess I hated him!) had proved (1) that Eustace had bought the poison; (2) that the reason which he had given to the druggists for buying the poison was not the true reason; (3) that he had had two opportunities of secretly administering the poison to his wife. On the other side, what had the Dean of Faculty proved? As yet—nothing. The assertions in the prisoner's Declaration of his innocence were still, as the Lord Advocate had remarked, assertions not supported by proof. Not one atom of evidence had been produced to show that it was the wife who had secretly used the arsenic, and used it for her complexion.

My one consolation was that the reading of the Trial had already revealed to me the helpful figures of two friends on whose sympathy I might surely rely. The crippled Mr. Dexter had especially shown himself to be a thorough good ally of my husband's. My heart warmed to the man who had moved his chair against the bedside table—the man who had struggled to the last to defend Eustace's papers from the wretches who had seized them. I decided then and there that the first person to whom I would confide my aspirations and my hopes should be Mr. Dexter. If he felt any difficulty about advising me, I would then apply next to the agent, Mr. Playmore—the second good friend, who had formally protested against the seizure of my husband's papers.

Fortified by this resolution, I turned the page, and read the history of the third day of the Trial.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIRD QUESTION—WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

The first question (Did the Woman die Poisoned?) had been answered, positively. The second question (Who Poisoned Her?) had been answered, apparently. There now remained the third and final question—What Was His Motive? The first evidence called in answer to that inquiry was the evidence of relatives and friends of the dead wife.

Lady Brydehaven, widow of Rear-Admiral Sir George Brydehaven, examined by Mr. Drew (counsel for the Crown with the Lord Advocate), gave evidence as follows:

"The deceased lady (Mrs. Eustace Macallan) was my niece. She was the only child of my sister, and she lived under my roof after the time of her mother's death. I objected to her marriage, on grounds which were considered purely fanciful and sentimental by her other friends. It is extremely painful to me to state the circumstances in public, but I am ready to make the sacrifice if the ends of justice require it.

"The prisoner at the bar, at the time of which I am now speaking, was staying as a guest in my house. He met with an accident while he was out riding which caused a serious injury to one of his legs. The leg had been previously hurt while he was serving with the army in India. This circumstance tended greatly to aggravate the injury received in the accident. He was confined to a recumbent position on a sofa for many weeks together; and the ladies in the house took it in turns to sit with him, and wile away the weary time by reading to him and talking to him. My niece was foremost among these volunteer nurses. She played admirably on the piano; and the sick man happened—most unfortunately, as the event proved—to be fond of music.

"The consequences of the perfectly innocent intercourse thus begun were deplorable consequences for my niece. She became passionately attached to Mr. Eustace Macallan, without awakening any corresponding affection on his side.

"I did my best to interfere, delicately and usefully, while it was still possible to interfere with advantage. Unhappily, my niece refused to place any confidence in me. She persistently denied that she was actuated by any warmer feeling toward Mr. Macallan than a feeling of friendly interest. This made it impossible for me to separate them without openly acknowledging my reason for doing so, and thus producing a scandal which might have affected my niece's reputation. My husband was alive at that time; and the one thing I could do under the circumstances was the thing I did. I requested him to speak privately to Mr. Macallan, and to appeal to his honor to help us out of the difficulty without prejudice to my niece.

"Mr. Macallan behaved admirably. He was still helpless. But he made an excuse for leaving us which it was impossible to dispute. In two days after my husband had spoken to him he was removed from the house.

"The remedy was well intended; but it came too late, and it utterly failed. The mischief was done. My niece pined away visibly; neither medical help nor change of air and scene did any thing for her. In course of time—after Mr. Macallan had recovered from the effects of his accident—I found out that she was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with him by means of her maid. His letters, I am bound to say, were most considerately and carefully written. Nevertheless, I felt it my duty to stop the correspondence.

"My interference—what else could I do but interfere?—brought matters to a crisis. One day my niece was missing at breakfast-time. The next day we discovered that the poor infatuated creature had gone to Mr. Macallan's chambers in London, and had been found hidden in his bedroom by some bachelor friends who came to visit him.

"For this disaster Mr. Macallan was in no respect to blame. Hearing footsteps outside, he had only time to take measures for saving her character by concealing her in the nearest room—and the nearest room happened to be his bedchamber. The matter was talked about, of course, and motives were misinterpreted in the vilest manner. My husband had another private conversation with Mr. Macallan. He again behaved admirably. He publicly declared that my niece had visited him as his betrothed wife. In a fortnight from that time he silenced scandal in the one way that was possible—he married her.

"I was alone in opposing the marriage. I thought it at the time what it has proved to be since—a fatal mistake.

"It would have been sad enough if Mr. Macallan had only married her without a particle of love on his side. But to make the prospect more hopeless still, he was himself at that very time the victim of a misplaced attachment to a lady who was engaged to another man. I am well aware that he compassionately denied this, just as he compassionately affected to be in love with my niece when he married her. But his hopeless admiration of the lady whom I have mentioned was a matter of fact notorious among his friends. It may not be amiss to add that *her* marriage preceded *his* marriage. He had irretrievably lost the woman he really loved—he was without a hope or an aspiration in life—when he took pity on my niece.

"In conclusion, I can only repeat that no evil which could have happened (if she had remained a single woman) would have been comparable, in my opinion, to the evil of such a marriage as this. Never, I sincerely believe, were two more ill-assorted persons united in the bonds of matrimony than the prisoner at the bar and his deceased wife."

The evidence of this witness produced a strong sensation among the audience, and had a marked effect on the minds of the jury. Cross-examination forced Lady Brydehaven to modify some of her opinions, and to acknowledge that the hopeless attachment of the prisoner to another woman was a matter of rumor only. But the facts in her narrative remained unshaken, and, for that one reason, they invested the crime charged against the prisoner with an appearance of possibility, which it had entirely failed to assume during the earlier part of the Trial.

Two other ladies (intimate friends of Mrs. Eustace Macallan) were called next. They differed from Lady Brydehaven in their opinions on the propriety of the marriage, but on all the material points they supported her testimony, and confirmed the serious impression which the first witness had produced on every person in Court.

The next evidence which the prosecution proposed to put in was the silent evidence of the letters and the Diary found at Gleninch.

In answer to a question from the Bench, the Lord Advocate stated that the letters were written by friends of the prisoner and his deceased wife, and that passages in them bore directly on the terms on which the two associated in their married life. The Diary was still more valuable as evidence. It contained the prisoner's daily record of domestic events, and of the thoughts and feelings which they aroused in him at the time.

A most painful scene followed this explanation.

Writing, as I do, long after the events took place, I still can not prevail upon myself to describe in detail what my unhappy husband said and did at this distressing period of the Trial. Deeply affected while Lady Brydehaven was giving her evidence, he had with difficulty restrained himself from interrupting her. He now lost all control over his feelings. In piercing tones, which rang through the Court, he protested against the contemplated violation of his own most sacred secrets and his wife's most sacred secrets. "Hang me, innocent as I am!" he cried, "but spare me *that!*" The effect of this terrible outbreak on the audience is reported to have been indescribable. Some of the women present were in hysterics. The Judges interfered from the Bench, but with no good result. Quiet was at length restored by the Dean of Faculty, who succeeded in soothing the prisoner, and who then addressed the Judges, pleading for indulgence to his unhappy client in most touching and eloquent language. The speech, a masterpiece of impromptu oratory, concluded with a temperate yet strongly urged protest against the reading of the papers discovered at Gleninch.

The three Judges retired to consider the legal question submitted to them. The sitting was suspended for more than half an hour.

As usual in such cases, the excitement in the Court communicated itself to the crowd outside in the street. The general opinion here—led, as it was supposed, by one of the clerks or other inferior persons connected with the legal proceedings—was decidedly adverse to the prisoner's chance of escaping a sentence of death. "If the letters and the Diary are read," said the brutal spokesman of the mob, "the letters and the Diary will hang him."

On the return of the Judges into Court it was announced that they had decided, by a majority of two to one, on permitting the documents in dispute to be produced in evidence. Each of the Judges, in turn, gave his reasons for the decision at which he had arrived. This done, the Trial proceeded. The reading of the extracts from the letters and the extracts from the Diary began.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, of Boston, who accompanied the party of Dr. Hayden during the past summer as zoologist, has returned with a large quantity of specimens of natural history, which he is engaged in working up for publication. An important feature of this series consists in a very extensive collection of land and fresh-water shells, a branch which has been too much neglected lately by explorers, to whom recent and fossil vertebrates have had greater attractions.

Mr. Ingersoll was greatly surprised at the number and character of the molluscan forms secured in Colorado, as also their strange distribution and stations, and is confident that the facts which he has to present will be considered extremely interesting to conchologists.

The discovery of large beds of coal in Spitzbergen is announced as having been recently made by the captain of the schooner *Samson*.

We have already referred to the death of Sir John Rennie and Sir William Fairbairn, and, according to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, other eminent members of the engineering profession deceased during the year are Mr. T. Marr Johnson, Mr. John Grantham, and Sir Charles Fox.

Professor Kowalevsky, the great Russian naturalist, has recently published at Moscow the results of his investigations on the embryology of certain Brachiopoda studied in the Mediterranean. He fully confirms the researches made by Edward S. Morse on the Brachiopoda of this coast, and indorses the views Mr. Morse entertains regarding their relations with the worms. The following is translated from his work: "The first part of my article was already printed when, through the kindness of a friend, I obtained for a few days the new work of Mr. Morse *On the Systematic Position of the Brachiopoda*, sent from

Berlin, from Mr. **Martens**. It was while fresh from the impression produced on me by the views of the American scientist that I wrote the last portion of my general review, although I had myself previously arrived at the conclusion, based upon the homologies of the mussels and setæ, that the Brachiopods are nearly allied to the chætopod annelids."

Advices from the *Challenger* expedition, from Kandavan, on the 8th of August, refer to a short cruise made from Wellington, New Zealand, on the 16th of July, to the Feejee Islands. The usual work was done in the way of dredging and physical observations. Among other objects, a live nautilus was secured. The *Challenger* was to proceed to the New Hebrides and Torres Straits, where it was expected to arrive about the beginning of September.

According to Mr. **Thomas Belt**, the steppes, or great plains, of Siberia are by no means of marine origin, as has been maintained, this view being negatived by the absence of sea-shells in their deposits and the occurrence in quantity of *Cyrena fluminalis*. On the contrary, he regards these plains as deposits from a great expanse of fresh-water, kept back by a barrier of polar ice extending far toward the south. In its greatest extension this ice barrier would produce the crushing of the bed rock, and, as it retreated, the water coming down from the higher ground in the south would cover a continually increasing surface.

The present character of these steppes, as seen in a section at Pavlodar, exhibits fifty feet of sand and silt, with occasional lines of pebbles. These stones become larger as we advance southward, until the soil is full of large angular quartz boulders. Further south the bed rock comes to the surface in ridges and low hills, increasing in height until some of them attain 2000 feet. All the rock surfaces are much shattered, as if by the action of frost, but they show no sign of glacier action.

Dufossé has lately published in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* an article, of which an excellent abstract appears in the *Popular Science Review* for October, on the sounds produced by fishes, in which he discusses the acoustic phenomena manifested by these animals under different circumstances. According to this author, we may divide the sounds emitted by fishes into two principal groups, the first being merely accidental, temporary, and involuntary or compulsory sounds, emanating from fishes when caught and handled. Some of these are produced by the jaws or gill coverings, some by the movement of the lips; but none of these are considered of much importance.

The sounds of the second division, according to the author, are constant, voluntary, and always produced intentionally, by the same organs, and under analogous circumstances. They may be divided into groups or sections; first, expressive noises, whether of a harsh nature, such as the friction of the dental organs, or caused by blowing. The most important section of the second category, however, includes sounds more or less sweet and soft, varying, at the will of the fish, in intensity and tone. According to **Dufossé**, these are made either by the contraction of muscles lying in close contiguity to the air-bladder, so that the latter performs the office of a kind of sounding-board, or else by the contraction of the muscles which are part and parcel of the air-bladder itself.

The production of sounds of the kind referred to is well known among American fishes, the more prominent of which are the drum, the weak-fish, the sea-robin, etc.

Professor **Seeley** has lately obtained from the London clay the tibia of a large bird, which he considers closely allied to the emu, showing also relations to the apteryx. It was found in the isle of Sheppey, in which so many valuable fossil vertebrates have been obtained.

Mr. G. J. **Symons** exhibited to the British Association a series of fourteen carefully constructed thermometers, differing either in the size or shape of the bulbs or in the material with which they were filled, some being mercurial and others containing alcohol. As the result of experiments made with them, it is ascertained that very large mercurial bulbs are but little better than those of the same size filled with alcohol, but that with small bulbs the mercury is much the more sensitive.

Professor **Allman** has lately described, under the name of *Thecomedusæ*, what he considers a new order of Hydrozoa, based upon his *Stephanocyphus mirabilis*, which is not a hydroid, and can not be referred to any of the existing orders of the Hydrozoa. The chitonous tubes which permeate the sponge tissue are united toward the base of the sponge, and constitute a composite colony of zooids. The tubes are increased in width toward their free extremity, and the polypite inhabiting each puts forth a retractile crown of tentacles. In many respects it resembles the Campanularian zoophytes. In no instance was it unaccompanied by the sponge.

The second annual report of the Board of Managers of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia presents a picture of extraordinary success on the part of its founders in the establishment of a first-class zoological garden in that city, and we think it should excite a healthy feeling of emulation on the part of New York in a similar direction. The subject has been agitated for some time in New York, and a commencement made by the collection of a few animals in the Central Park. These animals have furnished a constant source of interest to visitors; but, so far, the number increases slowly, in the absence of means for doing more than to take care of the specimens presented by those who have animals on hand that they can not care for, or those who are induced to forward an occasional contribution from a distance.

At the present time 616 of the 750 members of the Philadelphia society are annual, paying five dollars on election, and five dollars a year thereafter; ninety-five are life members, who pay fifty dollars on election in lieu of further dues. The Commissioners of the Fairmount Park have given thirty-three acres of land to the society for its purposes.

The lot was taken possession of on the 5th of June, 1873, since which one-third of the ground has been inclosed with a temporary fence, and the necessary contracts made for the erection of the permanent buildings. The present report brings the history of the society to April of the current year. Since that time the society has made an immense stride toward fulfilling its mission, many hundreds of animals having been added; and the garden was opened to visitors on the Fourth of July. Although the entrance fees are placed at a low figure—ten and twenty-five cents—the income has been enormous, amounting, it is understood, to many thousands of dollars within a few months, and there is every reason to believe that when once fairly under way the receipts from this source alone will meet all the expenses. The society has not been organized with a view of making money; and while it will be gratifying to its members not to be called upon for additional contributions, the entire profit will be devoted toward extending the facilities of the establishment.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* records the death, on the 15th of October, of Mr. **Charles Hardick**, speaking of him as one of the most gifted and progressive members of the craft of mechanical engineers. From the position of a mechanic he rose to be a large manufacturer, and made a fortune by his ingenuity and enterprise. His most important invention consisted of what is called the Niagara direct-acting steam-pump, which is a model of simplicity and efficiency.

The *Athenæum* informs us that Professor **Wyville Thompson**, of the *Challenger* expedition, has sent home sixty cases of his specimens preserved in alcohol, which are to remain unopened until he returns.

An international exposition is to be opened at Santiago, Chili, on the 10th day of September, 1875, and the articles designed for exhibition are to be arranged in four sections. First, natural products in the crude state; second, machinery; third, manufactured articles; fourth, fine arts. A special section is to be devoted to public instruction. Applications for space must reach Santiago by the 1st of January, 1875.

Dr. **James Lewis**, a well-known American conchologist, has lately ascertained that the best substance for cleaning the ferruginous films on fresh-water and univalve shells is oxalic acid, this removing the films without any detriment to the epidermis or the shell itself. Where shells are coated with lime, however, this has no effect, but forms an insoluble film of oxalate of lime that prevents further action.

According to the report of Dr. **Vasey**, curator of the herbarium of the Agricultural Department, made to the Commissioner of Agriculture, the most important additions to the collections of that department in 1874 consisted of a large series of plants brought in by the expeditions of Lieutenant **Wheeler** and Professor **Hayden**, and transmitted to it by the Smithsonian Institution, which also furnished a collection of about eight hundred species obtained from Dr. **Brendell**, of Illinois, a collection of plants made by Mr. J. A. **Allen** on the Yellowstone expedition under General **Stanley**, and 106 boxes, embracing hundreds of specimens of models of German fungi. Numerous other similar contributions were also received, the most important of which was a series of the mosses of Central Europe, from Mr. **Paul Reinsch**. Such of these specimens as were wanting in the herbarium of the department have been placed in it, and the remainder constitute a stock set aside for transmission to various establishments in America and Europe, including the leading herbaria.

In the fifth annual report of the Geological Survey of Indiana, for 1873, we have continued evidence of the zeal and industry of Professor E. T. **Cox**, State Geologist, and his assistants, Professor **John Collet**, Professor W. W. **Borden**, and Dr. G. M. **Levette**. Few State geological surveys have been prosecuted more vigorously and unremittingly than that of Indiana, and still fewer with more definite and positive results of great economical as well as scientific importance.

A portion of the present volume is occupied by a report upon certain interesting geological matters connected with the Vienna Exposition; next follows a paper on the manufacture of Spiegeleisen, by **Hugh Hartmann**; and then the geological report proper, by the professor and his assistants. Several counties are taken up in detail; first, as to surface geology; then in regard to local details, their economical geology and archæology also being treated of. Several maps accompany the volume, the most important of which is that of Knox and Gibson counties.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

As an effect of the labors of Messrs. **Moody** and **Sankey**, organs are multiplying at an extraordinary rate in the churches of Scotland. Even the meetings of Synods are made lively by organ playing. At the meeting of the Synod of Angus, the Moderator, who adheres to the old ways, requested that the organ should not accompany the singing. He was, however, overruled by the Synod. This could only be done at the opening session, for after that the Moderator dispensed with singing altogether.

The Rev. **James Davis**, the secretary of the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance, has recently visited the Continent in order to ascertain the practicability of holding the next Conference of the evangelical Christians of all nations in the city of Rome. In Italy the proposal was received with great favor, and measures were adopted for the formation of an Italian branch of the Alliance. A request was sent to the council of the British branch to take steps for the holding of a Conference in the national capital. The proposal will be referred to the various branches for consideration and decision.

The Rev. Mr. **Earle**, an American evangelist, has been conducting very successful meetings in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Services were held by him in the skating rink, which were attended by about four thousand persons. As a result, many persons have been added to the churches of the city. The ministers of Halifax have co-operated with Mr. **Earle** very harmoniously.

The passage of the Patronage Bill for Scotland by Parliament has opened afresh among the adherents of the Free Church the discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of a Church establishment. Since the beginning of the busy season there has been a shower of pamphlets on both sides of the question. Dr. **Adam** has issued one with the title, *Shall we return to the Establishment?* Mr. **Taylor Innes** has issued another. Dr. **Begg** has published a book containing the opinions of legal counsel that the "Establishment principle" is an essential part of the constitution of the Free Church, and that an abandonment of it will jeopardize the Church's property.

The Commission of the Scotch Presbyterian Assembly (State Church), which was authorized by Parliament to frame regulations for the carrying out of the Patronage Act, met in Edinburgh the middle of October. It was decided "that the roll of electors be made up in each parish before the 1st of January next, and thereafter adjusted annually; that such persons only as claim shall be admitted on the roll of adherents; that 'adherence' shall include persons of full age who show by their attendance at a particular church that they desired to be considered as connected with it, and that congregations be allowed, if they see fit, to vote by ballot."

A committee was appointed to reduce these general suggestions to form, and at its call the Commission will meet again.

Notwithstanding the failure of many predictions of the speedy ending of this present world, the "Second Adventists" are an active and apparently growing body in this country. Two Advent papers are published in Boston, *The World's Crisis* and *Messiah's Herald*. One is published in Chicago, the *Advent Christian Times*. The *Herald* claims that Mr. **Miller**, the well-known propagator of Adventism, was cautious not to fix the precise day of Christ's expected coming. He, however, published a book in which he expressed the belief that "some time between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844, the Lord would come." The great excitement created thirty years ago among well-meaning but not well-read persons by these predictions will be remembered by many. According to the *Herald*, Adventists have "no general agreement now on any day or year," but profess, like the early Christians, to be constantly looking for the personal appearing of Christ.

It is well known that Mr. **Gladstone**'s two sources of amusement are Homer and felling trees. At Hawarden he and his son recently cut one down measuring thirteen feet eight inches round the trunk. While apparently absorbed in this laborious pleasure, he has issued a pamphlet which has stirred all England. It is entitled, *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance; a Political Argument and Expostulation.* It has grown out of his article on "Ritualism" in the *Contemporary Review*, in which Mr. **Gladstone** said that it was not possible for a Catholic who accepted the Vatican Council to be sincerely loyal to his country. In this pamphlet Mr. **Gladstone** defends with all the force of his eloquence his position as originally taken. He shows that the propositions of the Syllabus place the Church above all civil authority, and that a Catholic can be a loyal citizen only by disobeying the teaching of his ecclesiastical guides.

A motion has been brought before the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath to determine the legal position of Old Catholics in the empire.

Great Britain has been for some years represented at the Holy See in an irregular way by Mr. **Jervoise**, who has held the position of chargé d'affaires. The government has resolved to suppress the post and to withdraw Mr. **Jervoise**. This determination has angered the Roman curia, but has given great satisfaction to Englishmen.

The Churches of Prussia are taking action with regard to the new civil marriage law, which went into operation October 1. The Roman Catholic bishops forbid their people to consider themselves as married before the religious ceremony takes place. The Protestant Chief Council (Oberkirchenrath) recognizes the validity of the civil ceremony, and directs the clergymen to ask each couple whether they intend to take each other "as *Christian* husband and wife." In view of the enforcement of the new law, many marriages were solemnized in September.

Having lost inadvertently the copyright of their standard hymn-book, the Wesleyans of England are engaged in preparing another. It is understood that **Wesley**'s original book as far as Hymn 539 will be retained without change; from that point modern compositions will be introduced.

At a meeting of the Baptist Pastors' Conference of Boston a resolution approving the recent action of the Long Island Association in the case of the Lee Avenue Church was adopted after considerable discussion.

A case of Catholic resistance to the operation of the public-school law has occurred in St. John, New Brunswick. The Rev. **John Michaud**, one of the cathedral priests, was arrested and imprisoned on October 17 for non-payment of his school tax. While in jail he wrote to the *Globe* describing his offense as a refusal to pay taxes for "the support of godless schools, frequented only by the children of the school law framers and their friends." His fine was paid by a citizen of St. John. The people of New Brunswick have in a recent election sustained their school law by large majorities.

The latest events of the war in Germany between the government and the Church of Rome are interesting. The Supreme Tribunal in Berlin has annulled the decision of the Lower Tribunal ordering the release of the Bishop of Treves. The Bishop of Hildesheim, when called on to pay a fine of 200 thalers, referred the officer to a desk, in which were found a trifling sum of money and a deed conveying all the bishop's property to his sister. Herr **Schneiders**, a chaplain of Treves, who had been exiled, but had returned and performed religious service, was arrested by the officers in the church where he officiated.

According to the *National Baptist*, the Presbyterians are the most numerous evangelical denomination in Philadelphia, having 72 churches and mission stations and 22,035 communicants; the Methodists come next, with 73 churches and mission stations and 19,770 communicants; the Episcopalians next, with 79 churches and mission stations and 18,125 communicants; and the Baptists fourth, with 64 churches and mission stations and 16,507 communicants. According to the same authority, the rate of increase of the four for seven years has been, Presbyterians, 5.5, Methodists, 4.4, Episcopalians, 3.8, and Baptists, 3.9 per cent.

Bishop **M'Evilly**, of the Roman Catholic diocese of Galway, has sent a letter to his clergy in which he withdraws from them "all power to absolve licensed shop-keepers or their assistants who dispose of drink on Sunday."

The Rev. Dr. **John Scarborough**, of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese formed out of the fourteen lower counties of New Jersey. The other diocese has taken the name of "Northern New Jersey." Bishop **Odenheimer**, its diocesan, was granted by the Convention six months' leave of absence. The Rev. Dr. **Thomas U. Dudley**, rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, has been elected Assistant Bishop of Kentucky in place of Bishop **Cummins**. Both bishops, **Scarborough** and **Dudley**, are classed as "moderate" men.

Four Free Church Synods of Scotland—Fife, Perth and Sterling, Lothian and Tweeddale, and Galloway—have condemned the Church Patronage Act. It is now thought that the act will hasten disestablishment. The Town Council of Glasgow have agreed to ask Parliament for authority to hand over any of the city churches to the congregations using them.

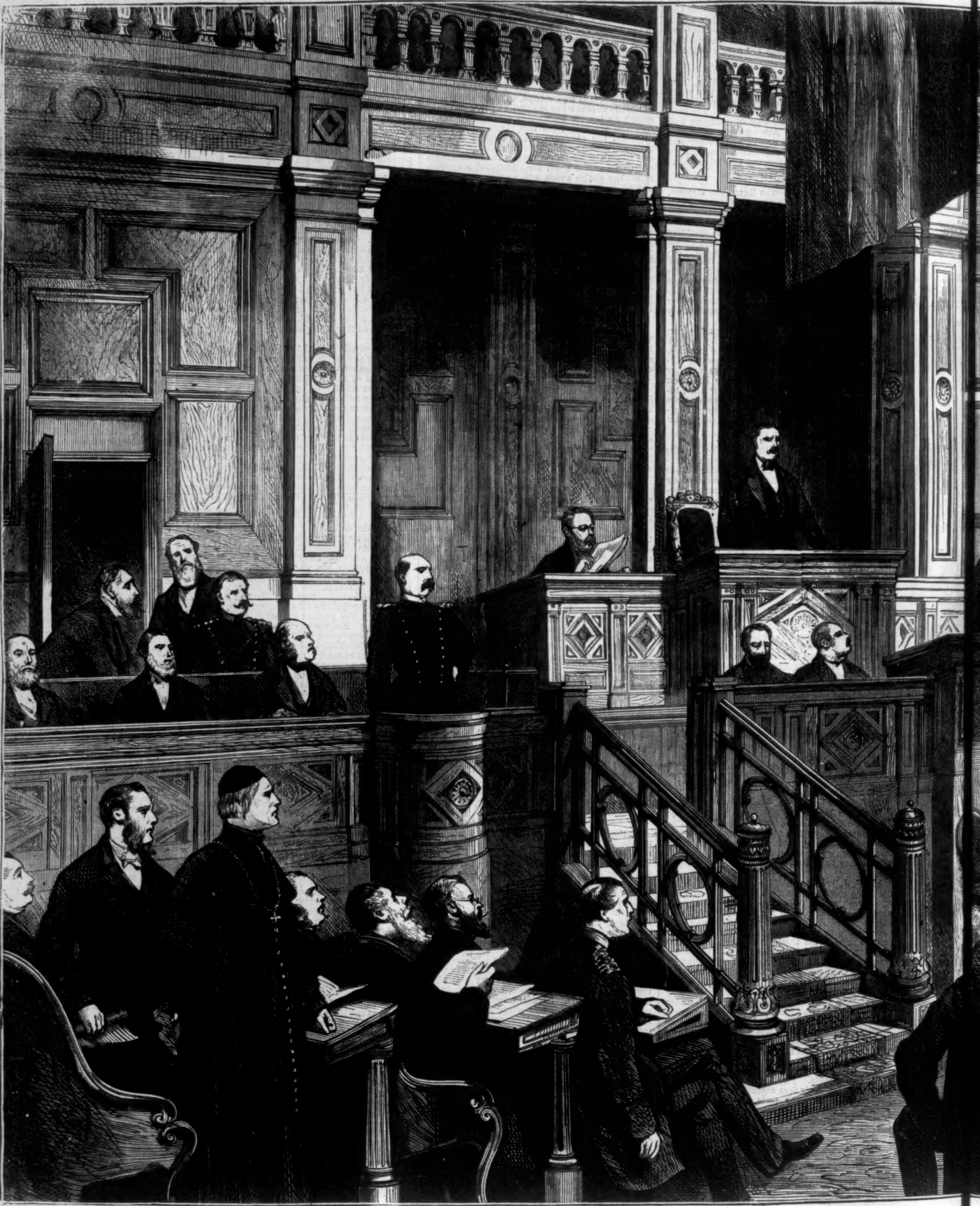
The details of the trial of **Kullmann**, which have come by mail, show the following facts: He is twenty-one years of age, and has been prone to the use of deadly weapons when in anger. In Salzburg he joined the "Catholic Journeymen's Union," and became excited over the new laws. At Easter of the present year he formed the idea of "ridding the Church of an oppressor" by taking **Bismarck**'s life. At "Whitsuntide he went to Berlin, accompanied by his pistol, to seek out the prince. He had some difficulty in discovering his house—his plan being to shoot at him as he went in or out—and when he succeeded in finding it, the prince had already left Berlin. He then took work in Berlin, Potsdam, and other places, and at last read in the newspapers that **Bismarck** had gone to Kissingen. He went the greater part of the way on foot, and when he got close to Kissingen he carefully loaded his pistol with powder and two charges of buck-shot, and put it in his breast pocket. Arrived at Kissingen on Sunday morning, he spent the day in reconnoitring the neighborhood of the prince's house, and the whole night he wandered about the town and public gardens. The next day he accomplished his purpose. He fired, he said, at the prince's head, because it was supposed that he wore mail on his breast as a safeguard against assassination."

Kullmann was sentenced, as has been announced already by cable, to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Among the novelties of the times is a convention of Shakers, held in Steinway Hall, Sunday, November 22. The topics of discussion announced cover a wide field.

The committees on union appointed by the two Reformed Churches (Dutch and German) met in Philadelphia, November 17. The attendance on both sides was full. Both Churches substantially agree in doctrine, the Heidelberg Catechism being accepted by each. The Dutch Church adds also the Belgic Confession and the Decrees of the Synod of Dort. The plan of union, however, failed; for the reason that the Dutch is, according to the nomenclature of the day, a "Low"-Church, while in the German body there is a "High"-Church element, called the Mercersburg School. It was feared that an attempted union would only create strife. After most friendly discussion on both sides the project was abandoned.

Bishop **Kavanaugh**, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, very sharply rebukes, in a letter to the *Texas Christian Advocate*, the opposition to the new general rule on temperance. The present general rule forbids "drunkenness or drinking spirituous liquors unless in cases of necessity." The new rule forbids "drunkenness and drinking spirituous liquors unless in cases of necessity, and making, buying, or selling them to be so used." The bishop says of the Conferences that have voted against the rule: "These Conferences, in order to cover up their action and to prevent a very natural conclusion, likely to be drawn by the outside world, of opposition, pass resolutions saying, 'We are now as much as ever opposed to the making, buying, selling, and drinking of spirituous liquors.' Much as ever! And pray how much is that? In the past we have had many members of the Church who make, buy, sell, or drink intoxicating liquors and remain in the Church in good standing, and this tells very much what is to be the opposition for the future."



THE GERMAN REI STAG

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT, BERLIN.

THE annual meeting of the German Reichstag marks one of the most important revolutions in European history, and the union of all the Germans under a single chief, and animated by a resolution to be free from all foreign rule, is that unexampled event which has been brought about by the singular energy of Prince **BISMARCK**. It is true a portion of the race is still under the control of the house of **HAPSBURG**, and nine millions of Germans pay a nominal obedience to the Austrian Kaiser, but it is plain that all their sympathy and all their respect are reserved for the national movement of the North. In Vienna itself the most honored names are those of **BISMARCK**, **WILLIAM**, the victorious princes, and the incomparable **MOLTKE**. The very school-books, it is said, teem with Prussian names and victories, and the youth of Southern Germany already sigh for a union with the conquering league. Yet all this is what Prince **BISMARCK** has accomplished. He found the Germans divided, discouraged, and trembling before the menaced invasion of France. Every year the cities of the Rhine looked forward to sack, massacre, or siege when the French journals demanded from their government a new frontier. The oracular words, the smile or the frown of the despot of France, when he met the embassadors of Middle Europe, filled honest men with anxiety, touched the sources of commerce and labor, brought dismay to the cottages of industrious millions from the Baltic to the Danube, and oppressed the nations with an incessant alarm. The French were mad with insane vanity and reckless valor. They threatened England with an ever-increasing fleet. Their brilliant writers foretold that Waterloo would yet be avenged. The English public caught the alarm, and a singular panic spread more than once over the markets of London, and even grave statesmen prepared new measures of defense. France meditated conquests in the New World, and when rebellion had apparently broken our strength, a French army essayed to found a transatlantic empire, whose capital might have been at last transferred to New Orleans. There seemed no limit to the ambition of **M'MAHON** and **BAZAINE** and their master. He had wounded Russia, and seen its Czar perish of mortification and defeat; he had inflicted upon Austria the traditional humiliation it had learned to endure from France in many a disastrous conflict; he had set Italy free to hold it in a new servitude, to wrest from it one of its fairest provinces, and to re-establish in its midst an alien power, and surround the temporalities of the Pope with a wall of French bayonets and a guarantee which apparently not all the nations of Europe could shake. In return the priests Jesuits
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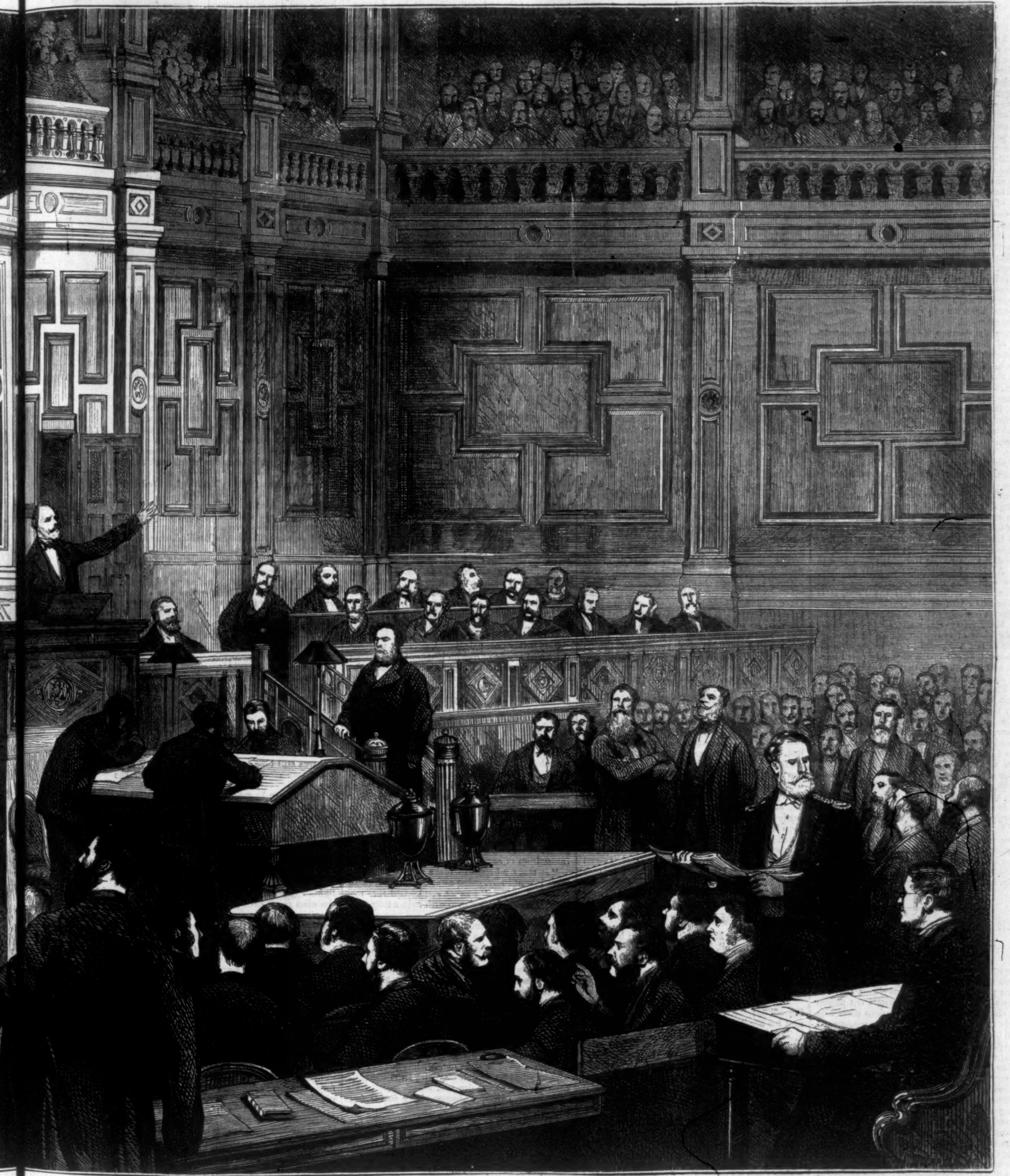

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re a teful respect, that the civilized world must watch the assembling of that German Parliament at Berlin which the Emperor has recently opened with a wise and thoughtful speech, and where the future policy of his chief minister will be discussed and carried forward. Thirty-eight separate states and principalities have been fused into the new nation. There is now but one Germany. Since the first assembling of the imperial Reichstag in 1871 the process of union has been rapidly carried on, the murmuring princes have been silenced, the people have won the unity for which they sighed, Metz and Strasburg offer a formidable barrier against the French, and united Germany no longer fears a foe. But, as the Emperor has indicated in his speech, there still remains much to do. A common code of laws is to be provided for all the people. The army is to be increased by several hundred thousand men as a necessary measure of defense against the military preparations of France. A German navy seems requisite to secure its coasts against the superior French marine. The coinage, the police, the registration of marriages, deaths, and births, the regulation and improvement of the finances, and the creation of an equitable system of taxation to provide for the increasing expenses of the empire, are but a part of those important measures that will employ the attention of the German deputies. There are probably upon the earth no more laborious men than the Emperor and his minister. To found a nation they have no doubt discovered is a more difficult task than to defend it. In the Reichstag there is a considerable minority of the disaffected who omit no opportunity of embarrassing the policy of the government. There are rigid ultramontanes who are bitter enemies of all the new measures, papal bishops who come to sow discord in the united nation, popular leaders who are jealous of the growing army, and personal foes who would gladly hurl **Bismarck** from his overweening power. **Von Arnim** is not alone. The toils of the Jesuits have ensnared more of the German statesmen than is commonly supposed. A stormy session probably awaits the German Parliament, and the resolution and energy of its great minister will never be more needed than in perfecting the work which he has so triumphantly begun.

Yet the most important labor of the Reichstag and its leaders must be a moral one. In the slow course of progress a period has come when the forces of decay and reaction have openly allied themselves to throw men back into a new barbarism. So long as the Papal Church wanted the element of infallibility, so long as it might be reformed by a council or controlled by a king, there was still hope that it might remain tolerant, and even progressive. The Council of 1870 destroyed forever that prospect. The conflict must now be waged between a spiritual lord claiming a supreme authority and the consciences of men, until one or the other yields in death. In such a contest there can be no compromise and no neutrality. On the one side, the Papal Church summons all the ignorance, the sensuality, the cruelty, the vanity of the Roman Catholic countries, the dreams, the portents, the superstitions, the savage passions that might have been left to slumber in the caves of prehistoric man, to shake the civil powers that have rejected its supremacy; on the other, the German Reichstag stands the only barrier against the triumph of the policy of the Vatican in Europe, and perhaps America. When **BISMARCK** discovered at Versailles in 1871 that the German prelates were plotting the overthrow of his policy at home, he began at once that series of repressive measures which have baffled the intrigues of the papal enemies of German unity. He banished the Jesuits, his chief foes; he has punished disobedient bishops; he has restricted the power of the priest to the limits of the civil law; he has watched the movements of the papal rulers of France, and checked that mad crusade which may at any moment, if neglected, overrun Germany, Italy, and Spain. But should Germany fail to defend the conscience of Europe, England would lie at the mercy of some new **NAPOLEON**, and the frivolity and ambition of papal France degrade and corrupt mankind.

Hence the German Reichstag is the last defense of European progress, the only barrier against the spread of papal barbarism. France, which once taught Europe to be free, has sunk under the control of monks and prelates. **DE BROGLIE** and **M'MAHON** are the serfs of a mental tyranny, the tools of the Jesuits and the Vatican. But already the fear of the intrigues of the Papal Church and the audacity of its claims, its intense bigotry and blind fanaticism, have produced a natural opposition in all the civil powers. Mr. **GLADSTONE**, in England, has recently shown in a remarkable pamphlet that no Roman Catholic can be a good citizen, either in Europe or America, who holds the doctrine of implicit obedience to the Pope. And Dr. **MANNING** replies to him with a needless and almost puerile severity, that indicates the innate weakness of his intellect or his cause. Dr. **MANNING** denies that the Papal Church has any connection with politics. Yet it has been long his custom to direct his people from his pulpit how to vote. A clerical politician of singular subtlety, he now complains that his course of conduct should awaken criticism; and the Pope, it is said, when he heard of Mr. **GLADSTONE**'s pamphlet, broke out into extravagant expressions of rage. Mr. **DISRAELI** is no less known to distrust the plots of the papacy. English statesmen are at last awakened to the importance of the contest between civilization and papal barbarism, and it seems time that our own country should show that it is still on the side of progress. The question, "Can the servants of an infallible Pope become good citizens of a free country?" is now asked and answered in the negative by English statesmen, by French republicans, by enlightened Germany, and even by Italy and Spain, by Mexico and Brazil. The Roman Church every where refuses to obey the laws of the state, and defies the civil power; it invites a conflict, and sows the seeds of dissension and universal war. To avoid this last ordeal by timely preparation is the aim of Prince **BISMARCK** and the German people. That they may succeed is the common interest of civilization. For the only source of real danger to the advance of knowledge and humanity in both hemispheres is the insane ambition of the Jesuits and the Pope, who tamper with the rival parties in all liberal governments, and plot treason against freedom in Germany and New York.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE LOST SHIP "ADELAIDE."

A Thanksgiving Story.

I.

JASPER GARFIELD closed his ledger wearily, and left the office for the night. Outside the door he paused, with his hands thrust into the pockets of his rough coat; he would not hasten home, simply because his inclinations drew him strongly thither, and he was a man accustomed to curb his inclinations. This vanity of self-control might one day lead him into a pitfall. The evening was clear and star-lit, a black river rolled before him, and the hills on the opposite shore were sharply outlined against the sky. Labor had piled its débris along the bank—heaps of coal, lime, and slag—while from the low, long building adjacent a monotonous sound hummed night and day, like the beating of a great heart.

Suddenly the building became transfigured. A cone of fire shot up from the lofty chimney, tinging the black river with transient gold, and from a wide orifice poured the molten lava flood, gliding like a serpent into every crevice and channel, phosphorescent white, yellow, and crimson as it spent its force and was lost in the darkness of night.

Margaret Hope called the furnace a dragon's head, ejecting flame from mouth and nostril. Jasper Garfield, junior partner and devoted slave of the monster, turned away and climbed slowly the village street.

The church clock tolled nine. He would be late on this of all nights! Well, so much the better. The pretty Gothic cottage of the superintendent, where he lived, was made visible through the leafless shrubbery by twinkling lights, as different from the lurid glare of the furnace just quitted as the glow-worm's lamp is from the sun. Jasper Garfield paused, hesitated, then impulsively turned away to climb a steep path above the cottage, and thereby lengthen his term of absence. Who was he punishing but himself? Nobody would miss him! He sat down on a rock, and was both cold and miserable. Out of the very loneliness of surrounding nature a Voice was borne to him on the wind,

"It is November again, Jasper Garfield. Have you forgotten?"

He could not endure the Voice, but hastily strode down the hill again.

"I am not likely to forget," he said, turning fiercely, as if addressing an unseen presence.

Music and laughter came from the cottage. Jasper, feeling himself in his present mood an interloper, climbed in the low French window of the dining-room, in order to reach his chamber unobserved. As he entered the window a girl passing from the room paused to greet him. Jasper shaded his eyes with his hand half-mockingly as he looked at her.

"You are late," she said, in a tone of pique.

"I belong to the working classes, mademoiselle. How dazzling you are!"

She was dressed in yellow satin, with rich lace gathered into a mantle; her fair hair flowed over her shoulders, and was bound about the brow with a topaz chain. The same large golden stones confined her slender waist in a stomacher and clasped her white throat.

"I am a queen."

"Cela va sans dire," he replied, gallantly.

"You should not be late to-night," she added, with just a delicate shading of tender reproach in her tone; "it is my birthday. See, this is the stone of my month—the topaz—which means fidelity."

"I understand," he returned, slowly, gazing at her in that fantastic garb with unwilling fascination.

"What do you understand?" asked Margaret Hope, saucily. "I do not understand why people should abuse dear old brown November."

"I hate November," said Jasper, shortly.

"Because it is my month?" inquired Margaret, a scarlet flush stealing into her cheek.

"Because it is my month," he added, gloomily.

A bell tinkled. Margaret gathered up her satin draperies, and extended her gilded sceptre toward her companion. "Come," she said, with her most alluring smile.

Was it the Voice or his own ill temper which made him answer abruptly, even awkwardly,

"Not to-night; I am tired."

"Suit yourself."

The queen in the tableau had tears of mortification in her downcast eyes.

Once in his own chamber, Jasper smoked his meerschaum savagely. He had done right, and yet was uncomfortable. He was not at all in love with fair Margaret Hope, and she must know it, he told himself. Perhaps other men understood better a gradual withdrawal which was not dishonorable; he did not pretend to be a polished member of society.

"Dolores, are you satisfied?" he murmured, blowing wreaths of smoke from the pipe, as if to exclude the present.

Margaret ate her humble pie with many a grimace. Jasper Garfield interested her in proportion as he baffled her. When she had come to visit her friend, the superintendent's wife, the two ladies had discussed him, and the matron had held up this prize not without hope of the result. No girl could please Jasper Garfield; she never saw such a man. Here he was, a gentleman by birth and education, and he would not marry, would not build on the property he owned, and was considered very penurious. He really needed a wife to teach him things. Perhaps he mourned over a dead love, or had been jilted by some woman who preferred another. The superintendent's wife declared that she had given him up long ago—a *mauvais sujet*—and Margaret listened with a slight curve of her rosy lips. So the gable roof of the cottage sheltered two persons playing at cross-purposes—Jasper smoking his meerschaum moodily, and Margaret with the topaz ornaments heaped together in her lap.

Next morning Mr. Garfield came to breakfast briskly. After all, he had been very boorish not to attend the party, and was prepared to make amends.

"Miss Hope is late," he finally said, flushing in spite of himself.

"Oh no," returned the hostess, calmly, pouring coffee; "she has gone home. Her cousin sent for her."

The questioner's countenance fell. Margaret gone!

"Is her cousin her guardian?"

The superintendent's wife laughed provokingly.

"He is a man of about her own age, and—yes, I think he would like to become her natural guardian very much indeed."

Mr. Garfield lighted his cigar and went out. How pretty and sweet she was! He missed a bright face at the breakfast table. He missed the companion of his walk through the shrubbery toward the river, and the pauses to cull flowers for his desk—a perfumed presence lingering there all day. Our daughter of Eve had vanished, leaving loneliness to usurp caressing attentions.

II.

Margaret Hope went home, assuring herself that she had been slighted in the most wounding manner by Jasper Garfield, who had grown to be a hero in her eyes. She lived in an old house, into which even her youthful presence could infuse no life, for time had set its seal of decay on the structure. The property was valuable, at least in the eyes of Cousin Jack Erskine, and when summer draped vines and flowers about the old home it might well attract other admiration. Now autumn had stripped away the soft drapery of leaves, the elms and willows no longer drooped over the steep red roof, and the many windows seemed to blink in the cold sunshine.

Margaret was winding ivy about the faded portraits of the parlor when Cousin Jack entered. The parlor was a large room, with quaint, old-fashioned furniture, brown and gray, like the landscape outside, and the point of color was Margaret in a jaunty red jacket at her task. Cousin Jack was good-looking, stout, and broad-shouldered, with somewhat heavy features. His manner was genial and hearty, but his eye was cold and keen. Altogether he was a man to be associated in one's mind with a good supper and thoroughbred horses, and also with a close bargain.

"What are you doing? How pretty you look this morning!" was the salutation, as he drew off a driving glove and warmed his hand at the fire.

Margaret, glancing down from her perch, contrasted him with a certain other man she knew, who was tall, slender, with calm, serious blue eyes, and an oval face.

"Oh, ivy belongs to my month of November, according to the Saxon whim, and I should have a cluster of turnips and carrots in the centre," she retorted, gayly. "What a fine house you are building, Jack!"

"The site is not as good as this one," ruefully.

"Surely you do not grudge me this mansion, all fluffy and mouldy with the dust of my ancestors?"

Mr. Jack Erskine gazed at the fire without direct reply.

"My new house needs a mistress, Margaret."

"Dear me! You will have no difficulty in finding one, I dare say, Mr. Jack."

He frowned slightly, and when he frowned the features of Mr. Erskine became surly, even brutal.

"Shall I sell the hay for you this year?"

"If you will," she said, carelessly.

"I can put it in with mine; a woman is apt to get cheated as a farmer."

Aunt Polly Hope stood at the window knitting. She was a brisk old lady, with a brown wig under her cap, a face as full of wrinkles as the homestead was of cracks and fissures, and bright twinkling eyes. Her fingers were invariably knitting, and she was usually peering from some window down upon the village which was her world.

"I don't s'pose you are as blind as you pretend to be, child, about Jack's liking for ye," she said, looking after Cousin Jack as he strode down the box-bordered path. "If Jane Tompkins ain't took to the road again, I declare! Don't see when she does her own work, what with gadding about. The whole family will come across the town yet, it's likely. Lor! Margaret, a stranger man is coming in the gate!"

Jasper Garfield, pale, jaded, nervous, with the perplexed aspect of one no longer understanding himself, took both of Margaret's hands, and looked at her with lover's eyes.

"What right had you to go away like that?" he demanded, and the tyranny of his tone was by no means unpleasant.

Oh, dim old parlor, merging into November's sombre brown landscape without, what power has the fallen leaf, the fading past, to chill the hope born of so recent despair? The transition was almost unreal in its delicious happiness. A week ago Margaret had turned away from the unattainable in sharp grief of disappointment. Now Jasper Garfield had come to tell her that he loved her.

Aunt Polly saw through her critical spectacles only a very ordinary specimen of mankind, not quite as good-looking as Jack, perhaps. Margaret's heart and soul went out to him in joyful recognition of her ideal, her hero.

"It takes all sorts to make up a world," reflected Aunt Polly, going away to see what there was for dinner. "I never suspicioned that our Maggie would fancy a man with such a long nose and hair a'most gray."

In the parlor the moments flew on wings; there was so much to be told in low whispers, reproaches, explanations, and reconciliations, Jasper Garfield's lips staying the eloquence of other rosy lips, or seeking a lock of silky hair, a dimple in the softly rounded cheek. How Margaret bloomed that day! Happiness is the true balm of beauty, as it is the very elixir of life.

Once he held her at arms-length in the old morose humor.

"Are you made of the same stuff as other women, I wonder?"

"Test me," said Margaret, proudly.

Then a shadow stole upon them—a beautiful woman stood in the doorway with two little children clinging to her dress.

"Dolores!" gasped Jasper, rising to his feet like one stunned.

The beautiful woman advanced a step into the room.

"Jasper, have you forgotten that it is November?"

III.

Margaret sat in her chamber, pale with fear and dread. She had slipped away, and left Jasper with the stranger, feeling her presence an intrusion. What did it all mean? Could he not come to declare his love without being tracked by another woman? What claim had the other on him? Would she take him away from her? The girl's heart sickened with jealousy and disgust. Her bright hour had clouded very soon indeed.

A little girl danced into the room, took her hand fearlessly, and said,

"You must come."

It was impossible to resist the roguish grace of the emissary; laughter lurked in every curve of the round baby face, from which gleamed two large dark eyes like stars, while the tiny form swayed with each varying impulse of the capricious owner.

In the parlor the stranger stood with clasped hands and a look of triumph. Jasper Garfield's head was bowed, and his aspect humble, ashamed, almost sullen.

"Let me explain every thing," began the stranger, rapidly. "I am Andrew Garfield's wife, and Jasper is my brother. My husband was to make one more voyage in command of the ship *Adelaide;* he sailed four years ago, and the night before he left an angel appeared to me in my sleep."

There was a break in the sweet voice, with its slight foreign accent; she hid her face in her hands. Margaret neither moved nor spoke; she felt herself enchanted by a painful dream.

"The angel stood beside me on the shore and pointed to the east, where the storm came on, and I saw a wall of darkness swallow up the ship *Adelaide.* I went to the chapel of Our Lady at dawn to pray, and then I was shown that Jasper must take his oath to find his brother if he did not return in four years."

"I know he did not do it!" cried Margaret, the spell dissolving in real pain as the truth flashed upon her.

"An honorable man never breaks his word," said Dolores, haughtily.

"Oh, you would sacrifice us to your fancy—the vision of a night! Jasper shall never go!" Margaret scarcely knew herself as the force of a new-born passion swept her along; she clung desperately to this one spar, Jasper Garfield, and he was to be stolen from her!

The mother quickly thrust the two children between the lovers, and won the day. Margaret caught the little Dolores in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Forgive me for entailing suffering on you," said Jasper, tenderly. "I had no right to love you with this responsibility resting upon me. Now you know why my life has been made one of dreadful suspense; and as the limit of time drew on since I've known you, I have searched ship records and watched for letters until I nearly went mad."

"Where was the ship last?" whispered Margaret.

"Cleared from Hong-Kong, and never heard from." Dolores spoke with rigid despair, and tearless eyes fixed on space.

"You must forget me," said Jasper, laying his hand on Margaret's head. "I may be absent a very long while, and must not fetter your youth."

"Trust me as I trust you," returned the girl, bravely. "If Mrs. Garfield and the children will remain with me, we can watch together."

Lost almost as soon as found, Jasper Garfield went out into the early twilight, and the shadows gathered cold and gray about the old homestead.

IV.

The ship rocked on a sea of treacherous calm. A profound, awful stillness pervaded all nature, as if the elements paused with bated breath for the signal to unloose a tempest. The vessel swayed uneasily, the cordage creaked, the sailors awaited with strained eye and ear the first notes of the battle in which they must conquer or be forever lost. On the northern horizon the sky was still blue; to the south a mass of lurid vapor rose steadily, rapidly, and obscured the zenith.

Nothing can be more fearful than to wait thus, a lonely ship on a vast ocean, for the pall of cloud to advance, glowing with copper-hued margin and fringes of changing mists that seem the tattered shreds of other storms, menacing with distant thunder, and holding in its bosom the unspent fire of the lightning. The moment of agonizing suspense passed all too soon; sharp volleys of thunder crashed overhead, and the lightnings leaped forth in flames of pale fire; the wind swept over the calm surface of the sea, heaping up green waves, and bending the stoutest masts, sheeting the deck in foam; and down poured the rain.

The terror of the darkness descended amidst the confusion of sound, the struggle of men nearly spent, the captain's orders signaling the wind, the rending of bulwarks and timbers. A mass of confined waters rising from sea to sky, a shock of falling spray, a transparent mountain dissolving with a mighty swirling sound, and the ship had gone down. Darkness, terror, confusion, and a wide untenanted sea.

The women who watch and pray for her return may never see beloved faces again; for in the dim caves of ocean, where rosy nullipores mingle with forests of yellow, brown, and purple fucus, and rainbow-tinted mollusks dwell, the sailors sleep.

One man, swept like a feather from the deck by an advancing billow before the end came, grasped some passing fragment of wreck, and lay in the semi-unconsciousness between life and death, obeying only the blind instinct of clinging to his float. The sun rose upon waters calmed after the deadly strife, and shed a friendly ray over the solitary figure, already drifted far from where the ship had disappeared. He raised himself languidly on his elbow. A whale spouted in the distance, a shark swam stealthily near. He was floating on a fragment of the bows of a wrecked vessel. He read the name, *Adelaide.*

The man was Jasper Garfield.

V.

Thanksgiving-day two years later. November, sere and brown, with cold sunshine on the window-panes of the old homestead. Dolores and Margaret clung together in mutual sorrow and suspense. Over and over again had Margaret heard the romance of Dolores's life painted in tropical warmth of coloring, for she was wooed in Mexico. Over and over again had Dolores heard of the river-bank where the furnace stood. The intense fervor of the Spaniard beneath a calm exterior blended with the graver Saxon nature of Margaret; they loved each other, and waited for two men, absent now for years. Sturdy Tom and little Dolores of the glancing feet had taken possession of every thing; they searched for flowers and birds' eggs just as if a gray thread had not come among the raven masses of their mother's hair and lines about Margaret's melancholy lips.

Cousin Jack Erskine was drawing his net very closely indeed; if he could gain entire control of Margaret's property, he would force her to marry him. Cousin Jack hated these usurpers. The Spanish woman studied him with her soft impenetrable black eyes, while her manner was winningly courteous.

"That cousin is cheating you out of every thing," she said.

Result: bills for improvements on the farm came in which Margaret could not pay. Jack blustered, and paid the sums himself with an injured air. The subject of money, even in families, is the true touch-stone of character.

"Do your worst," said Margaret at last, when thoroughly aroused to indignation. "Father left me the old bill on your place, you know, as part of my possessions." The two women dared no longer to discuss their hopes or fears together.

In the morning Cousin Jack took Tom to drive in his new dog-cart. Dolores was suspicious of this condescension, but Tom came home buoyant with delight, and not aware in the least that Mr. Erskine had learned Margaret kept all her valuables in a Chinese cabinet in her chamber. If the old bill on his place could be destroyed, the game was in his own hands. Later in the day Margaret went to the village post-office.

A peddler came to the door, and was sent away by Aunt Polly. Shrill, childish screams ensued; Mrs. Garfield rushed to the window to see the peddler bearing away little Dolores in his arms, while Tom shouted lustily for help. A panther is not more fierce in the protection of its young than was the Spanish mother at that moment. Aunt Polly was about to follow, when the little Spitz dog seized her firmly by the gown. The Spitz, most sagacious of little beasts, in his fur overcoat, trotted about the place with a business-like aspect, and was understood to know what he was about. When he seized Aunt Polly's gown, therefore, she paused, and gazed at him nervously.

"Eh? What is it, doggie?"

For answer the Spitz drew her to Margaret's door, and she saw a man bending over the open drawers of the Chinese cabinet. Aunt Polly dashed forward, grasped the man's coat, threw back her head, closed her eyes, and screamed vigorously.

"For Heaven's sake be quiet, Aunt Polly!"

The old lady opened her eyes and closed her mouth. The man was Jack Erskine, somewhat confused in manner.

"I am searching for a paper. Don't set the dogs on me. There, I will go away."

"What right have you to search other people's premises?" demanded Aunt Polly.

"I wished to make Margaret marry me by finding an old account. Don't tell of me, auntie. I love her, and 'all's fair in love and war,' you know."

"Have you found the paper?"

"On my word, no."

"Very well, go. When you was a baby, Jack Erskine, I laid you on the hearth to keep the life in ye, and I wish I hadn't. There!"

Dolores, flushed and panting, came up the walk clasping her recovered treasure, and the peddler shrank away with a stinging blow on his face to tell his patron, Mr. Erskine, that the money scarcely paid for the job.

"She might have killed me," grumbled the peddler.

"Very well, keep quiet, my man, or you may get arrested for attempted child-stealing."

Margaret walked slowly along the lane. There were no letters in the mail. A man in advance of her turned at her approach. Margaret's heart gave a great bound. No, it was not Jasper Garfield.

"Can you tell me where Miss Hope lives?"

"I am Miss Hope," she answered, with whitening lips.

"Then I am Andrew Garfield, and my wife is here."

Thus was Andrew Garfield restored to his own.

Aunt Polly believed in celebrating Thanksgiving-day.

"Jest as if there wasn't always mercies enough in the year if we chose to search 'em out!" she said.

The feast was ready for weary Andrew Garfield, radiant Dolores, and the merry children, but Margaret could not endure the contemplation of their happiness just yet. A stifled cry of mourning went up from her own heart that to attain this end she had lost all. Where was Jasper? The feast was ready, but she could not share it; she even went out into the crisp, frosty twilight to escape. Was it an echo, born of her vain longings, that spoke through the evening? Was it a ghost who advanced and folded her in a long embrace? Joy does not kill. Margaret beheld again with mortal eyes her lover.

"I have not found him," sighed Jasper, as she led him in.

The two men gazed at each other incredulously.

"You promised to search for me," said Andrew.

"I have searched over the world," replied Jasper.

"The *Adelaide* was lost in a typhoon, and a Danish bark rescued me," said Andrew.

"I was wrecked in a typhoon, and picked up by a native canoe," said Jasper.

"I was carried to Sierra Leone, and nearly died of the fever," said Andrew.

"I touched twice at Cape Palmas, and concluded you had perished with the *Adelaide*," rejoined Jasper. "Dolores, are you satisfied?"

What a banquet there was, after all!

The ivy still hung about the old portraits as Margaret had placed it on the morning when Jasper Garfield declared his love, and Margaret amazed the children by appearing at table in topaz ornaments.

God bless old brown November, when the sacred fire burns on the hearth!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every week—we might perhaps as truly say every day—there are records of conflagrations more or less extensive, involving vast destruction of property and frequently of life. Doubtless most persons have a general knowledge of the various ways in which fires originate, and a general idea what they ought to do in case of fire. Yet the needful precautions against fire, and directions what to do in a burning building, can scarcely be repeated too often, for carelessness and want of self-possession are common misfortunes. In the recent annual report of the Fire-Marshal of San Francisco to the Board of Fire Underwriters there are some general hints given for remembrance in case of fire as well as means of prevention. Some of these are worth keeping in mind:

> "Be well acquainted with the best means of escape from your house, both at the top and the bottom. Do not get confused. Admit no one to your house except firemen, policemen, or neighbors. If a lady's or child's dress takes fire, endeavor to roll the person up in a rug, carpet, or any piece of woolen stuff. Keep all doors and windows closed until the firemen arrive. Always keep in your bedroom a piece of rope sufficiently long to reach the sidewalk in case you can not make your exit by the stairway. If you can not make your way from a building by the stairway, endeavor to get into a front-room, and keep all doors shut behind you, for smoke will follow a draft, and flames the smoke. If smoke enters the room and it is difficult to stand erect, get your mouth as close to the floor as possible, and breathe easy, as there is always a fresh current of air near the floor. A wet cloth over the mouth will greatly aid breathing. In letting out smoke from a room, always open the upper portion of a window. In case of a fire in a theatre or any crowded place, keep perfectly calm, and do all you can to prevent a panic, as there is generally plenty of time to escape if there is no panic. Do not go into a building where there is a thick smoke without a saturated sponge in your mouth, or a wet cloth or handkerchief over mouth and nose. In ascending or descending a ladder, do so with a regular step, to prevent vibration."

Some of the precautions against fire contained in the same report we may give our readers at another time.

The London Plague, the terrible epidemics of the Middle Ages, and other wide-spread visitations of disease, are attributed to a neglect of the hygienic law which may be briefly summed up in these words, "Pure air, pure water, and a pure soil."

The pension list of France, which has been recently revised, shows that there are now living no less than 25,000 men who served in the armies of the first Napoleon.

These autumn months seem to abound in typhoons, tidal waves, and earthquakes in some parts of the globe. A severe earthquake is reported as having occurred in Chili.

One special charm of the recently published novel, *Lorna Doone*, is that it is different from the majority of tales that one takes up for reading nowadays. There is a sort of fascination in the peculiar style in which it is written; and the scene being laid in the days of Charles II., the plot is by no means commonplace. It is a pleasing change from the stereotyped style of fictions.

The acoustic properties of the new Paris Opera-house have been tested, and found satisfactory; yet as the space allotted to the orchestra seemed too limited, it has been decided to extend it.

A lady guest recently entertained by Lord Dufferin at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, wore suspended from her neck the original reward of merit presented by the King of Portugal to Alvarez Pedro Cabral for the discovery of Brazil in 1500. It is described as a richly designed ship under full sail, composed of gold, silver, and precious stones.

Earlier in the season many ladies gathered bright-tinted autumn leaves, and have preserved their beauty by pressing and then oiling, waxing, or varnishing them. These leaves are beautiful for ornamenting rooms. Arranged in vases, they give a bright and cheery aspect to parlor or dining-room. The leaves may be wired for convenience in making up into bouquets or wreaths by using the fine green covered wire, such as is used in the manufacture of wax-flowers. A little skill and a little green tissue-paper or brown worsted will enable one to conceal the wire. Frames suitable for pictures for the nursery and common sitting-room may be tastefully made from autumn leaves. The engraving or print may be firmly pasted on a smooth board, and the edges bound with any fancy-colored paper. Or a wooden frame may be preferred, with strong cotton cloth drawn tightly over it and tacked down. Then the pressed leaves may be arranged around the margin according to taste, and carefully fastened with gum-arabic or paste. The stems will probably need to be removed. When dry, brush the whole over with varnish, and the result will be very satisfactory.

Leatherette, a substitute for leather, has been recently patented in England. The sheets of fibrous pulp from which the material is made are pressed into real skins of leather, the grain of the skin to be imitated being thus accurately reproduced. It is said to be much less expensive than genuine leather, and also to be stronger.

Chloral hydrate, the fashionable narcotic, is now regarded as a dangerous agent when in the hands of inexperienced persons. In fact, it should never be used except by medical advice. Medical journals state that although it may be eminently useful in certain cases, it is a destructive poison, whose habitual use is fraught with most baneful consequences. It is by no means a safe remedy to use in cases of sleeplessness associated with depression of spirits.

The exhibition of insects injurious to trees and garden plants which was held in the Orangery of the Tuileries Garden lasted twelve days. It was very popular; 20,000 persons paid the entrance fee, and 30,000 free tickets were issued. The highest premium was awarded to a Viennese savant for a magnificent atlas exhibiting all the organs and forms of the Phylloxera.

Mademoiselle Mars, who died in 1847, was an actress whose reputation kept her on the stage rather too long. She was one of those women who are never willing to acknowledge that they can grow old. One day, when she was about fifty, she was summoned to some trial.

"I am obliged to ask your age, mademoiselle," said the magistrate.

"Thirty-two, monsieur," answered the delicious voice of the actress.

The magistrate bowed gallantly. But it happened that, five or six years after, she had to prosecute a servant who had stolen some jewels, and appeared before the same magistrate, who was obliged to ask her the same question.

"Still thirty-two!" replied the illustrious *young* lady.

Of the 426 students in the Introductory Department of the College of the City of New York, only seventeen failed to come up to the required mark at the close of the eight weeks of probation. None from the Senior, Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman classes have been put back into lower classes; all obtained the necessary rank in their studies.

Circumstantial evidence of a crime is sometimes so strong as to render proof of innocence—if the law demanded such proof—almost impossible. A graduate of Yale has for some years past ministered to a parish in Haywood, near San Francisco. Not long ago he joined the Odd-fellows, and was one of two persons in the lodge who knew where the key of the safe was kept. One day the safe was robbed. On being informed of it the reverend gentleman examined the room, and found the false key with which the safe had been opened, and some of the money under the safe. Subsequently going to the room alone, he found the stolen purse, empty, under the mat. Suddenly it occurred to him that circumstantial evidence had accumulated which would point to him as the robber, and, actuated by a strange fear, he let the purse remain, and that night returned privately, intending to destroy it. The room chanced to be watched, and he was caught in the act. Circumstantial evidence was strong against him, but the jury, hearing his pitiable story of cowardice, acquitted him, under the conviction that he told the truth.

The following "election story" is told in an Alabama paper:

> At the primary election a sturdy son of the mountains came into town to exercise his right as a free sovereign of a free State, and cast his vote for the man of his choice. He approached the polls and handed in his ticket.
>
> "What is the name?" asked one of the judges.
>
> "Johnson," was the reply.
>
> "Yes, but what is your other name?"
>
> The mountaineer became indignant, and declared that he had but one name, evidently thinking the official took him for a repeater.
>
> "Yes, but what is your Christian name?" said the judge.
>
> "My Christian name?" replied the bold backwoodsman. "Why, if you want to know that, why, I am a Baptist."
>
> And so the man and vote were registered "Johnson the Baptist."

Guizot's *French History as told to my Grandchildren* is said to have been taken down from his lips by his daughters in short-hand, and given to the public with slight revision.

"Dyspepsia is the demon of America," remarks an exchange. And it goes on to say that in her haste to get rich America has neglected her stomach; and the effects will remain disastrous until men and women reach a point where they can take time to dine.

A visitor to Venice thus writes to his home friends in all honest simplicity: "Venice is a nice place, only I must say I think it's damp. It must have rained tremendous before our arrival, for at present we can only get about the streets in boats."

A Belgian fruit grower communicates artificial flavors to natural fruit by puncturing it and immersing it for a few seconds in a solution of the flavoring substance, and allowing the fruit to ripen afterward.

Dry oats have a new use. They are recommended as excellent for absorbing the moisture from wet boots or shoes. The wet boots should be filled with oats; they swell while absorbing the dampness, and thus keep the form of the boot perfect, and the leather is dried without becoming hard.

The number of deaths from diphtheria in New York city for the year ending July 4, 1874, was 1344, or an average of twenty-six a week. But for the week ending October 31 the deaths had increased to the unprecedented number of 108. Diphtheria seems, indeed, to be a pestilence. Are there no prompt measures for prevention to be recommended by medical and scientific men?

A French journal details experiments which have been tried proving that water in contact with copper takes up a sufficient quantity of the metal to be injurious. The contamination increases with the duration of the contact, and where copper pipes are employed to convey water for culinary purposes the water standing in them should all be discharged before drawing for use.

The Academy of Arts at Vienna has recently bought an interesting collection of Albert Dürer's copperplates and wood-cut engravings, the history of which can be accurately traced back more than a century, when it first came into the possession of Goethe's friend and correspondent, Heinrich Sebastian Hüsger, of Frankfort-am-Main. On the death of Hüsger, in 1808, this collection, together with a lock of hair reputed to have been taken from the head of the great master, was purchased by Friedrich Heinrich Schlosser (a nephew of Goethe's brother-in-law of the same name), whose widow bequeathed it to Professor Steinle, of Vienna, her husband's nephew, through whose heirs it has now passed by sale to the galleries of the Imperial Academy.

Considerable interest has been created by a recent discovery at Pompeii. It is that of a painted wall in a house close to that usually called, of the Faun, and perhaps a little nearer than it is to the city walls. The subject is Orpheus playing on his cithara, while a number of animals, arrested by the music, stand around him. Orpheus is of colossal size; the head is beautiful, and the colors are extremely fresh and vivid. An exact copy is being made of it, as large as the original, which is to be placed among other facsimiles in the museum at Naples. This discovery, in a neighborhood which has already given forth such rich productions of art, holds out the promise of much that will be interesting to the birds of passage who are flocking in, and are expected in great numbers during the present winter.

An incident recently occurred showing the watchfulness of the officers of the Association for the Protection of Game in New York. Not long ago a fish dealer of Fulton Market exposed for sale a number of small fish resembling trout—in fact, he had received no less than 1500 of them. Now, as there is a fine of $25 on every trout offered for sale out of season, the dealer's fine for trout would have amounted to a snug little sum. But some of these fishes were purchased, and investigation proved them to be what are known as the Rangeley blue-black trout. They are not found any where else in the country except at the Rangeley Lakes, which are in Franklin and Oxford counties, in the northwestern part of Maine, and are the sources of the Androscoggin River. The fishing on the lakes is under the entire control of the Oquossoc Angling Association. The fish in question are very peculiar, and, though showing some of the general traits of the salmonidæ, are quite distinct from the common brook trout. The fish merchant was protected by a letter from one of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Maine, in which it was distinctly stated that there was no law of Maine prohibiting the taking or selling of Rangeley blue-black trout at any season of the year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Scotch farmer was greatly exercised regarding the safety of his hay crop. The weather, though often threatening, favored his efforts till he succeeded in getting it safely gathered in, being in this respect more fortunate than several of his neighbors. After seeing the last wisp of straw tied round his stacks he exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air, "Noo, sin' I hae gotten my hay a' safely in, I think the warld would be greatly the better o' a guid shower."

TO LAURA.

Dear Laura! when you were a flirting young miss,
And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns could o'erwhelm me with pain:
You were *dear* to me then, love, but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond tie should be nearer;
For when I am paying your bills, on my life,
You seem to get *dearer and dearer!*

Mrs. Partington says she can't perceive why people nowadays are continually getting up so many new spangled notions. Digby, who was present, wished to know to what she particularly alluded. The old lady laid down the newspaper she was reading and gravely replied: "Why, la! I see they have got to making 'trout preserves,' jest as though people didn't have enough things to make preserves without making 'em of fish."

A school-master thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense, he lends in the conditional mood, keeps you in the subjective, and ruins you in the future!"

Never kick a man when he is down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

A rather thick-headed witness in the police court was asked the question whether So-and-So stood on the defensive. "No, Sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

CURIOSITIES.

A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.
The original brush used in painting the signs of the times.
A bucket of water from "All's well."
Soap with which a man was washed overboard.
The strop which is used to sharpen the water's edge.
The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.
A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.
A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.
The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.
A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.
Eggs from a nest of thieves.
Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.
A sketch from a politician's views.
Rockers from the Cradle of Liberty.
A feather from the wings of a flying report.

A young apprentice to the shoe-making business asked his master what answer he should give to the often-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good; and if they don't, I'll make them good for nothing."

A man who had purchased a pair of new shoes, finding the road to be a rather rough one, decided on putting the shoes under his arm, and walking home barefooted. After a while he stubbed his great toe, taking the nail off as clean as a whistle. "How lucky!" he exclaimed. "What a tremendous kick that would have been for the shoes!"

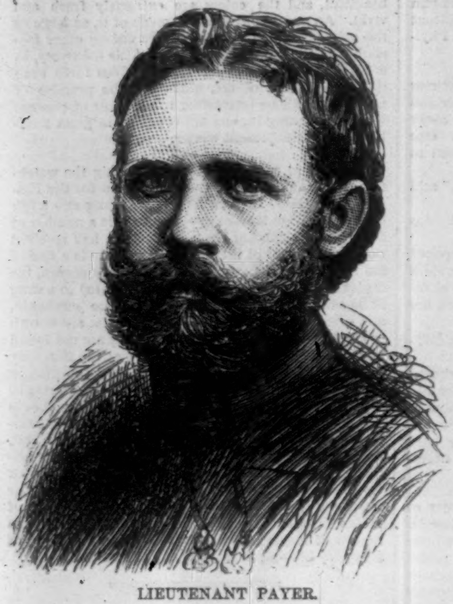
An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the tea-kettle."

A gentleman having a musical sister being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

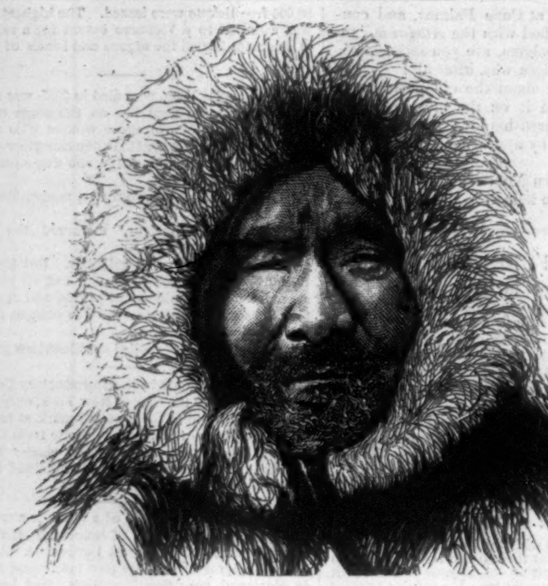
"Make you a coat, Sir?" said a suspicious tailor to a suspected customer. "Oh yes, Sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that notice while I take your measure." Customer reads the notice: "Terms cash."

Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

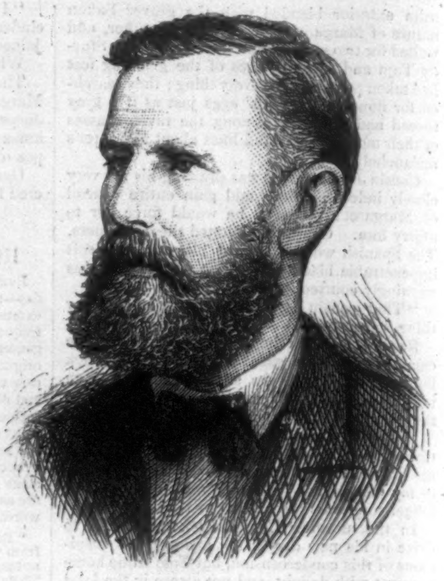
"Disease is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from the street door in conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Hare has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is so various! One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another day, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of embargo; on one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcophagus, and here another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease nowadays. New names and new nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb bag away." Fifteen minutes afterward Isaac had the herb bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.



LIEUTENANT PAYER.



THE PILOT.

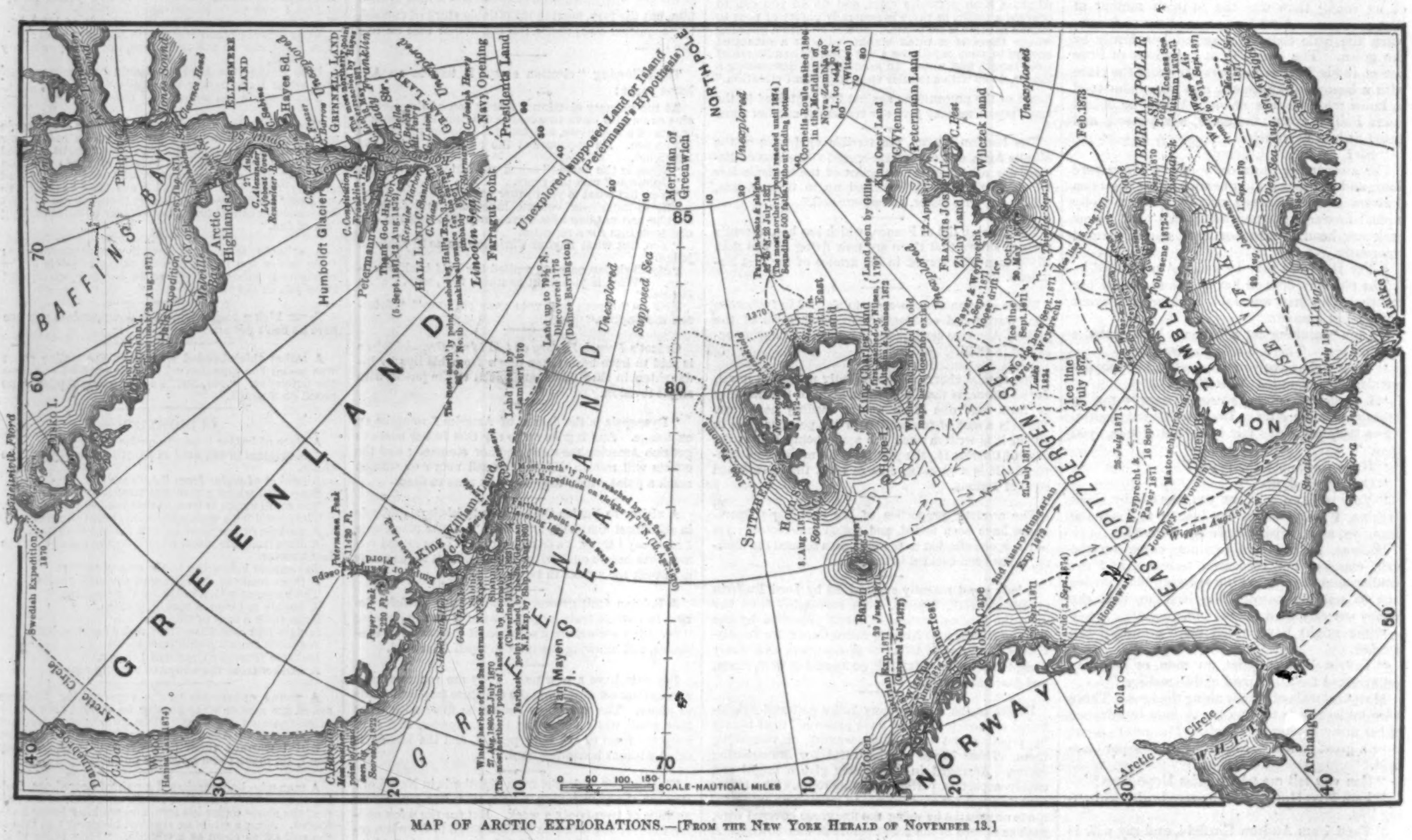


LIEUTENANT WEYPRECHT.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

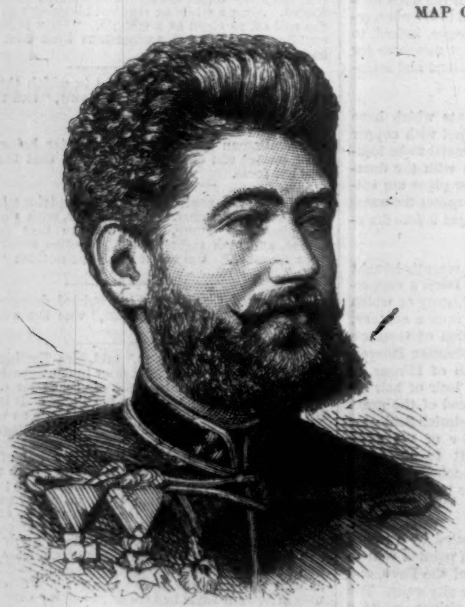
Although the notion of a northwest passage to the East Indies, so eagerly sought for by early navigators, was long since abandoned as impracticable, another motive has impelled adventurous men to explore the mysterious and awful regions that surround the northern pole. The early expeditions were undertaken in the interests of commerce; the later ones in the interests of science, and the desire to leave no part of the globe unexplored. To this spirit we owe the most important discoveries in the arctic regions. As late as 1820, Captain Scoresby, a daring and intelligent navigator of the arctic seas, believed that the northern limit of navigation was reached at a line drawn across the map at about 74½ degrees of latitude. "Here is the ice-border," he said, decisively, "and here is the limit of navigation." Subsequent and more fortunate explorers penetrated far beyond the captain's imaginary line. We need only name Captain Hall as an instance. This brave explorer reached the high latitude of 82° 16′, in the *Polaris;* and but for his untimely death the expedition might have gone still further toward the pole. The point he reached was some distance nearer the pole than that actually attained by the Austrian explorers, Payer and Weyprecht, who penetrated with sledges to 82° 5′ north latitude, although they discovered land covered with high mountains, which could be traced even beyond the 83d degree. They were, however, unable to push their explorations further.

Yet, taking into account the discoveries made, the Austrian North Pole expedition was one of the most important of modern times. From an interesting account of this expedition, from the pen of Dr. Petermann, the celebrated German geographer, a translation of which was publish-

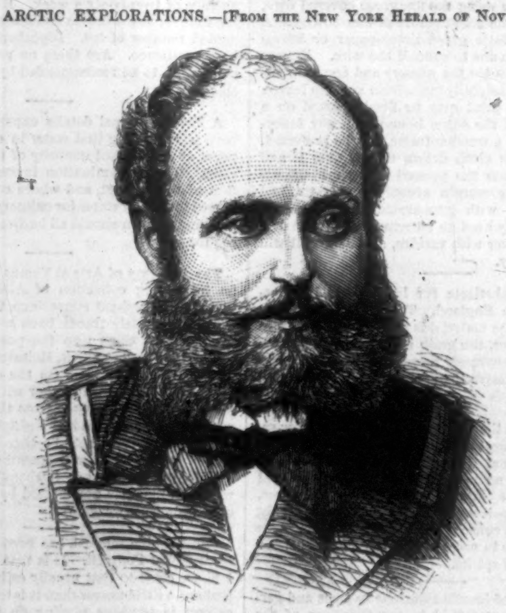


NORTH POLE
GREENLAND
BAFFINS BAY
ELLESMERE LAND
GRINNELL LAND
Humboldt Glacier
Arctic Highlands
Lincoln Sea
Farragut Point
Presidents Land
Navy Opening
Unexplored
Unexplored, supposed Land or Island (Petermann's Hypothesis)
Meridian of Greenwich
Supposed Sea
King William Land
Jan Mayen
SPITZBERGEN
SPITZBERGEN SEA
Gillis Land
FRANCIS JOSEPH LAND
Petermann Land
Wilczek Land
Zichy Land
SIBERIAN POLAR SEA
NOVA ZEMBLA
KARA SEA
NORWAY
Cape
Kola
Archangel
Arctic Circle
Swedish Expedition 1870
Petermann Peak
Payer Peak
85
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
SCALE–NAUTICAL MILES

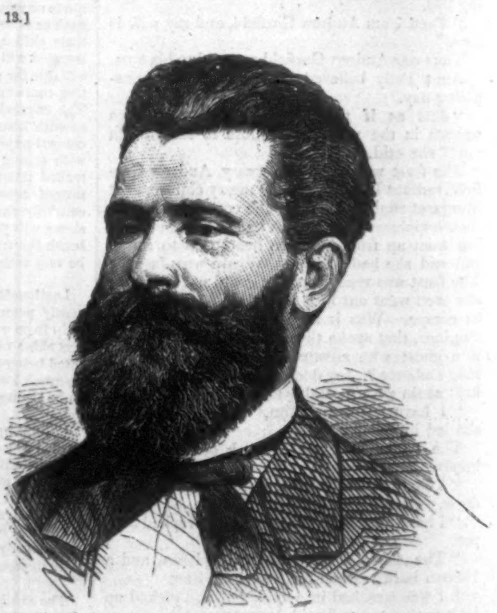
MAP OF ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.—[From the New York Herald of November 13.]



DR. KEPES.

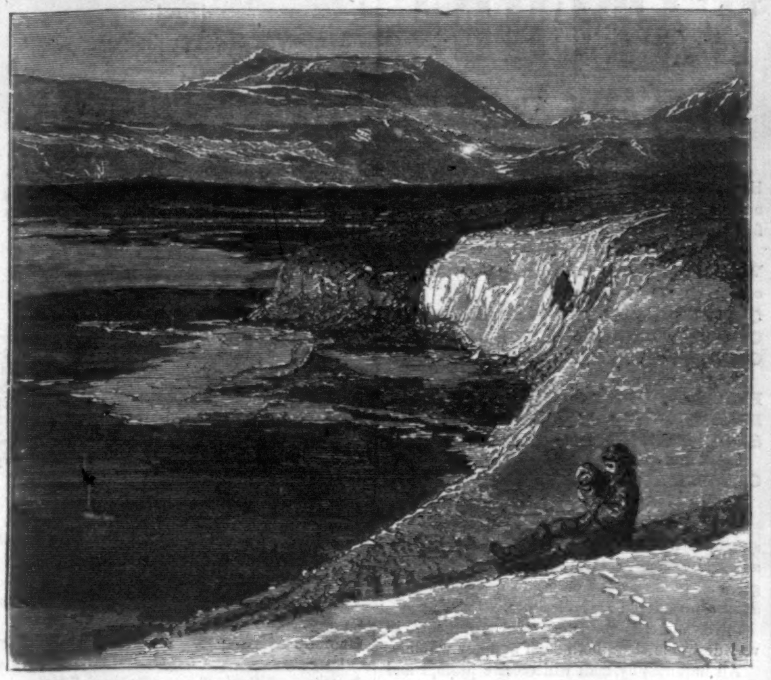


HERR BROSCH.

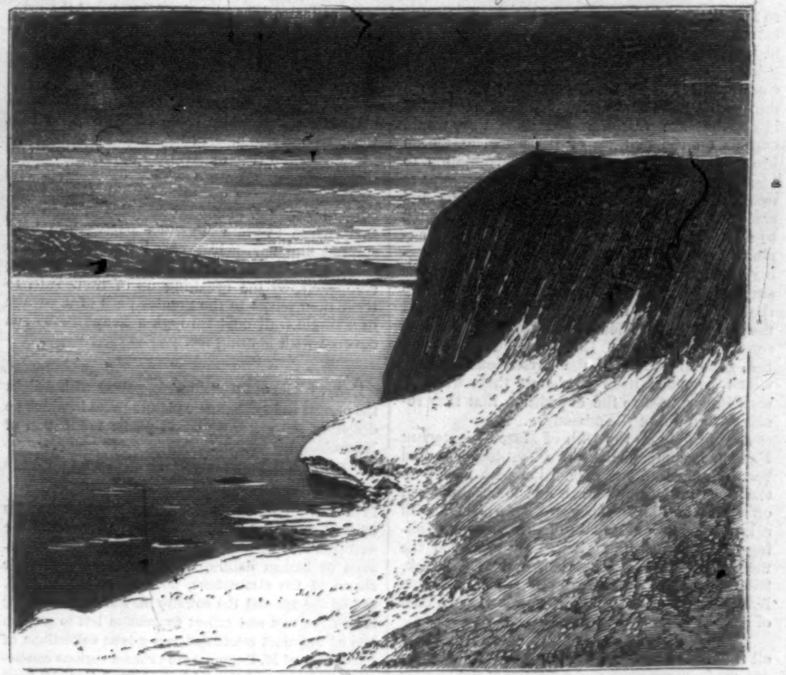


HERR OREL.

THE AUSTRIAN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.



MATOTSCHKIN SCHARR.

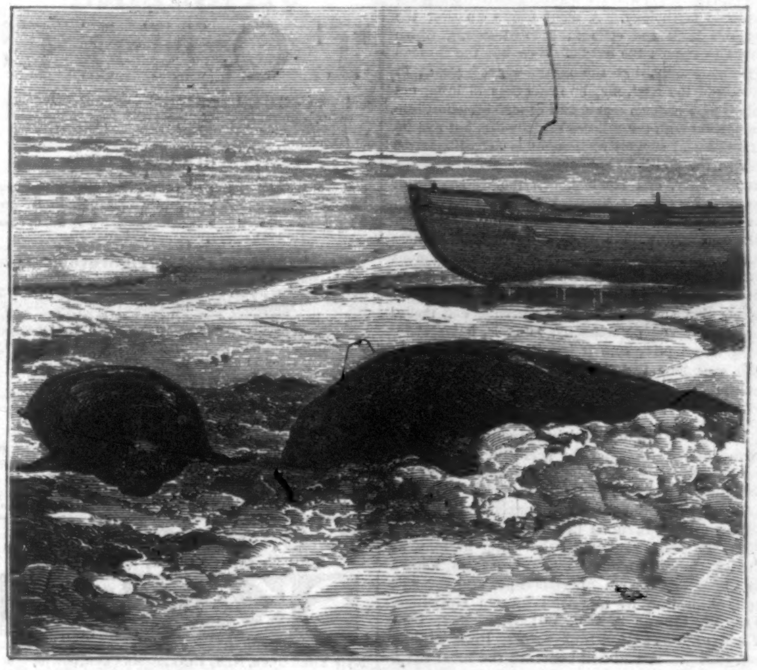


MIDNIGHT AT MATOTSCHKIN SCHARR.

ed in the New York *Herald* of November 13, we give a condensed *résumé* of what the expedition achieved. The accompanying map, prepared under Dr. PETERMANN'S supervision, furnishes in itself an excellent summary of the present knowledge of the arctic regions in the semicircle extending from Smith Sound to the Kara and Siberian seas, grouped after the explorations *via* Smith's Sound, on the eastern coast of Greenland, north of Spitzbergen, in the East Spitzbergen Sea, near Nova Zembla, and in the adjacent seas, particularly the Kara Sea. The map gives the precise course of the first Austrian expedition, under WEYPRECHT and PAYER, in 1871.

The second expedition sailed from Bremerhaven in June, 1872, under the command of Lieutenants PAYER and WEYPRECHT, in the *Tegethoff*. This vessel, an auxiliary screw steamer, had been built under the supervision of Lieutenant WEYPRECHT, was well fitted out with all necessary stores, and manned by a crew of twenty-four picked men. The object of the expedition was to find a northeasterly passage toward the coast of Siberia, and after touching at Tromsöe, where the Norwegian Captain CARLSEN was taken on board as harpooner and pilot through the ice, the vessel steamed for Nova Zembla. The limit of the ice, however, was found to be four degrees lower than it had been experienced the year before by the German expedition, and the *Tegethoff* even became ice-bound before reaching the coast of Nova Zembla. Here they met a Norwegian yacht, with two of the chief promoters of the expedition, Colonel WILCZEK and Baron STERNBERG. Parting company on August 21, the *Tegethoff* sailed north, but before evening became ice-bound, never to be free again. On September 9 the ice-field loosened, and the portion on which the *Tegethoff* was fixed was driven about, in imminent danger of being crushed by other bergs, the vessel only escaping utter destruction by masses of ice underneath having raised it above the level of the sea.

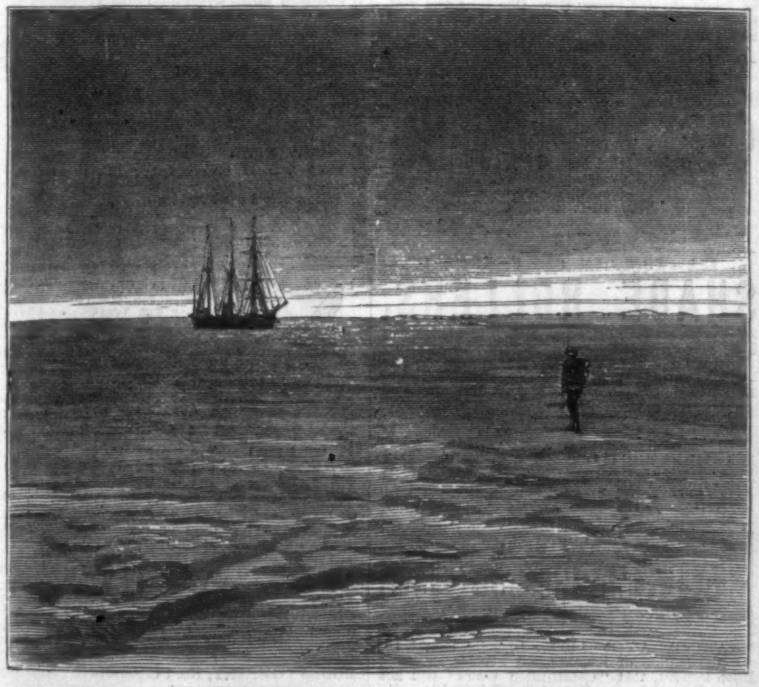
On the 28th of October the sun disappeared. The winter passed without any event of marked interest. "In the first days of the summer of 1873," writes Lieutenant PAYER, "we had good hopes that our ice-bank would soon dissolve and that our liberation would soon come. We put every thing in operation to hasten this event, but the months of July and August were passed at the onerous task of sawing the ice around the ship. Alas, all our efforts were vain. The ice had a thickness of as much as forty-nine feet, and the middle of the vessel lay immobile and unmoved on its bed of ice. The level of the snow and the ice having lowered from two to three fathoms in the course of the summer, the *Tegethoff* found herself seven feet above her ordinary water-mark, and ran the risk of capsizing, a thing we endeavored to prevent by solidly propping the masts."



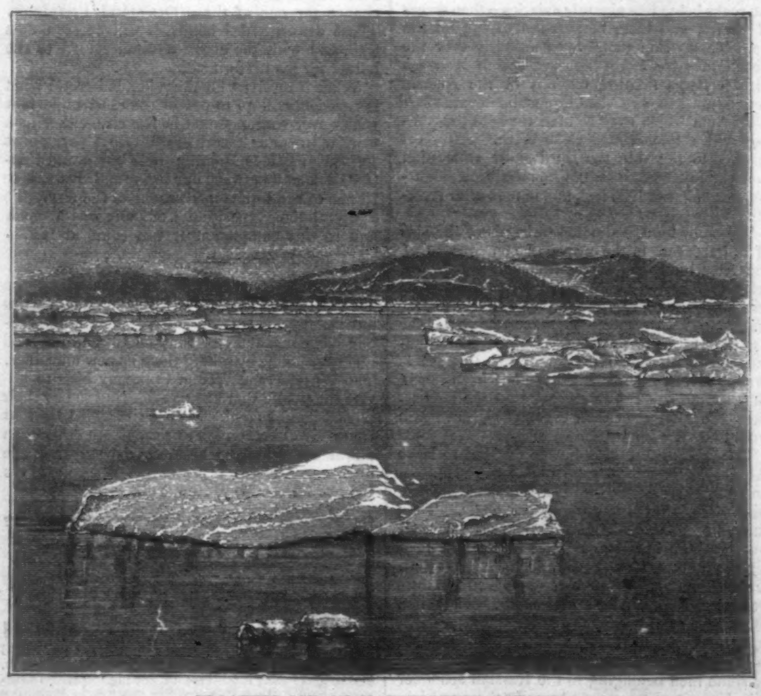
CAPTURED SEALS.

The northerly winds that prevail in July carried the ice-bank below the 70th degree of north latitude; but the ice remained firm, and in August it was again carried northward by the winds from the south. For a long time the expedition floated about in waters that had never before been sailed by man, and another dreary winter was in prospect, when, on the 31st of August, portions of high land were perceived to the northward, emerging from a stratum of fog. The southern limit of the principal piece of land was calculated to be about eighty degrees of northern latitude. It was distant about fourteen geographical miles from the ship. An attempt to reach the land was frustrated by the impossibility of reaching the water over the ice-bank on which the ship was fixed. At length, toward the last of October, after weeks of waiting and watching, the ice-bank approached within three geographical miles of an island situated in advance of the unknown land. "Then," writes Lieutenant PAYER, "all hesitation ceased. We threw ourselves on the ice, which was creviced in a thousand places, gained the heap of blocks, and set our feet on *terra firma*—latitude 79° 54′ north. A bed of ice, a single foot in thickness, near the coast, pointed out to us the presence of water coming from the land. But it is impossible to dream of an isle more sad, more utterly desolate, than that on which we had just landed. The snow and the ice cover only immense piles of ruins. However, such as it was, the isle had none the less importance for us, for which reason we gave it the name of Count WILCZEK, the promoter of our expedition."

The long polar night set in before it was possible to make a thorough exploration of the newly discovered lands; but the period of darkness passed without danger. There was less pressure from the ice on the ship, which remained in sight of the coast. This turn of affairs facilitated the scientific work of the expedition. The magnetic observations were pursued very conscientiously during the whole winter by MM. WEYPRECHT, BROSCH, and OREL. Christmas-day was celebrated quite comfortably in a house of ice constructed on the ice-bank on which the *Tegethoff* was borne. After this the cold became more intense, and, as in the previous winter, the mercury remained frozen during whole weeks. The visits of the white bears were also more frequent than during the other seasons. These animals came to the immediate proximity of the vessel,



THE "TEGETHOFF" INCLOSED IN THE ICE.



FLOATING ICE AT MATOTSCHKIN SCHARR.

THE AUSTRIAN NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

so that they could be shot from the deck. Sixty-seven were killed, and the men were thus furnished with a plentiful supply of fresh meat.

The sad certainty that the *Tegethoff* would continue to float on the indissoluble bank of ice during the next summer, and the strong probability that the vessel, raised as it was, would capsize on the melting of the snow, at length brought the explorers to the determination to abandon her at the end of May, and attempt to reach the main-land of Europe with boats and sledges. But in the mean time it was decided to make long excursions for the purpose of exploring the country. The success of these excursions depended naturally on chance. If the ship should be carried away before the return of the excursionists, the latter would be lost, and the crew that remained on board would find itself sensibly diminished. But the exploration and the general study of the mysterious country which stretched itself out before them were of such importance to the expedition that they resolved to attempt the adventure.

Accordingly on the 10th of March Lieutenant PAYER, accompanied by two Tyrolese who had been attached to the expedition with a view to the ascension of mountains, and four sailors, set off from the ship. They were furnished with a large sledge and a team of three dogs. Taking a northwest direction, they ascended the mountainous capes, Tegethoff and M'Clintock, 2500 feet high, and traversed the picturesque Nordenskjolo Fiord, closed by an enormous coat of ice, the edge of the glacier Sonklar.

"The region," writes PAYER, "is destitute of all traces of life. On all sides gigantic glaciers jut out from the profound solitudes of the mountains, the masses of which rise up in abrupt cones and high plateaus. The prevailing rock is the dolerite. Every thing is of a dazzling whiteness. The symmetrical stages of the mountains produce the effect of colossal crystallizations, superimposed and forming a series of colonnades. Nowhere, just as is also seen in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla, does the rock show itself in its natural color, which is to be attributed to the condensation of the humidity of the air on the coats of the rocks. This humidity also interferes with our appreciation of distances. Strange to say, the sky is perfectly serene."

The cold was intense, especially on the top of the glacier Sonklar. The clothes of the men stiffened on their bodies, and a very strong rum that they had with them not only lost its strength, but ceased to be liquid. On the 16th of March they returned to the ship, and preparations were begun for another excursion. Three days later one of their companions, an engineer, died of consumption. The second expedition, composed of Lieutenant PAYER, M. OREL, the two Tyrolese, and three sailors, started from the ship on the morning of March 21. They were absent until the 25th of April. It was ascertained that a large sound, Austria, the lower part of which is an archipelago of islands, draws up from the south to the north, dividing large masses of land lying on both sides of it, the easterly of which received the name of Wilczek Land, the westerly, that of Zichy Land, in honor of those two patrons of the expedition. At first Lieutenant PAYER and his companions endeavored to make their way through Wilczek Land, and got up, under great difficulties, to 81° 37′ north, and had sighted a branch of the Austria Sound running off in a northeasterly direction, under what received the name of Crown Prince Rudolf Land. Finding the ice too much broken, they made their way again to the west of the Austria Sound, from which they tried to get over to the newly sighted Crown Prince Rudolf Land. The first attempt, over a large glacier—"Middendorp"—did not succeed, for here an accident occurred by which the sledge dogs and one sailor fell into the crevasse, out of which they could only be extricated after great labor. Then a roundabout way by the southernmost point of Crown Prince Rudolf Land was tried, and they got across. Here it was that they found the marked change of milder temperature: thin ice, myriads of water-fowl—some of the rocks being like gigantic aviaries—then traces of the fox and hare, besides seals lying on the ice. They made their way cautiously over the treacherous ice along the east, seeing open sea with icebergs floating upon it in the Austria Sound, until they reached Cape Fligoley, the last point from which they sighted the bold promontory which they named Cape Wien. After returning to the ship the third short expedition was again made westward, when the large mountain, estimated at 5000 feet, and named after HUMBOLDT, was seen.

This new land, estimated to be about the size of Spitzbergen, is the principal contribution of the Austrian Polar expedition to geographical science. As for the question of an open polar sea, Lieutenant PAYER regards it as "tiresome." Indications were met with that seemed to bear out the theory of an inner archipelago. Lieutenant PAYER thinks, however, that this sea is probably inaccessible to ships, and that even if they should succeed in getting past the ice barriers, the chances of their ever getting out again would be very small.

On the 20th of May it was decided to leave the ship. The flags were nailed to the masts, and the party started homeward over the ice, with three large sledges and three boats. They encountered the greatest difficulties on their way, making only seven miles in the first fortnight, and it was not till the 13th of August that, the ice breaking up, they were able to get into free water in latitude 77° 40′ north. They then commenced pulling for the land, and after seeking fruitlessly in Barents Islands for Russian fishermen, they were at last rescued, on the 29th, by some men belonging to the Russian schooner *Nicolay*. A short voyage brought them to Wardoe, in Norway, where they landed September 3, 1874.

Our illustrations give the portraits of the principal members of the expedition and several interesting views of scenery sketched at Matotschkin Scharr, western coast of Nova Zembla. The long drift of the *Tegethoff* on an ice-bank has been compared to that of Captain TYSON and his party, so graphically described by him in a work recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS under the title of *Arctic Experiences*. But the circumstances were widely different. The Austrian explorers were comfortably housed and clothed, and had abundant supplies of food and fuel, while Captain TYSON's party were half starved and narrowly [illegible]ped freezing, besides being exposed to th[illegible]stant danger of being compelled, by the bre[illegible]ing up of their raft, to trust themselves to the greater peril of a voyage in a single frail boat through a tempestuous sea covered with floating ice.

EVERY reader of Longfellow remembers with delight the perfect and sympathetic picture-poem in which he describes the picturesque and poetic fascination of Nuremberg the ancient:

> "Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
> Quaint old town of art and song."

It is precisely the combination suggested in these lines of "art and song," with "toil and traffic;" of the æsthetic, that is, with the useful and the active pursuits of human nature, which makes the peculiar charm of the atmosphere, not only of Nuremberg, but of the age and the country of which Nuremberg is still the best and fullest expression left to us. In one of the most celebrated *bric-a-brac* collections of Paris, that of M. Dugue, there exists a curious candlestick in bronze of the XIth century, a German fruit of the revival of artistic metal-work in Europe by the famous Archbishop St. Bernard, of Mayence, which is regarded as the earliest specimen now known to be extant, of the results in art of this phase of the Teutonic intellect. A naked man, representing doubtless the Teutonic Thyr, straddles a mystic dragon, which turns in vain its head to bite him, and which doubtless represents the weird and awful Fenris-Wolf of the Teutonic mythology. A plant grows up over the dragon's back and ends in a great flower, which serves to uphold the candle. How not the German mythology only, but the mythology of Rome, of Greece, of the East, may be made thus to bring not only beauty of form and charm of striking effect into connection with the utilities of daily life, but real instruction and suggestive thought is daily illustrated now in the active bronze manufacture of Germany, France, Italy, and Holland. In the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, at No. 22 John Street (up stairs), the most curious and varied products of this manufacture, gathered with a never-sleeping watchfulness from the never-ceasing industry of a hundred different European *ateliers* may be seen with profit and interest not only by those who have houses to furnish with objects that shall be at once apparently and really, immediately and permanently, valuable, but also by those whose prior care it is to furnish their minds with ever new thoughts and ever new visions of beauty.—[*Com.*]

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From the EVENING EXPRESS, *Nov.* 14, 1874.

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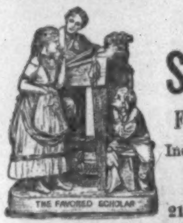

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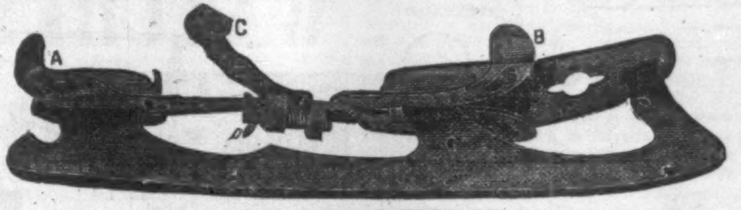

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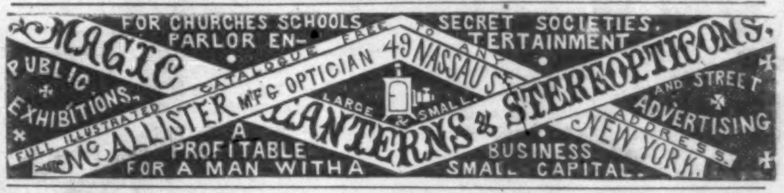
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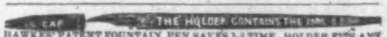
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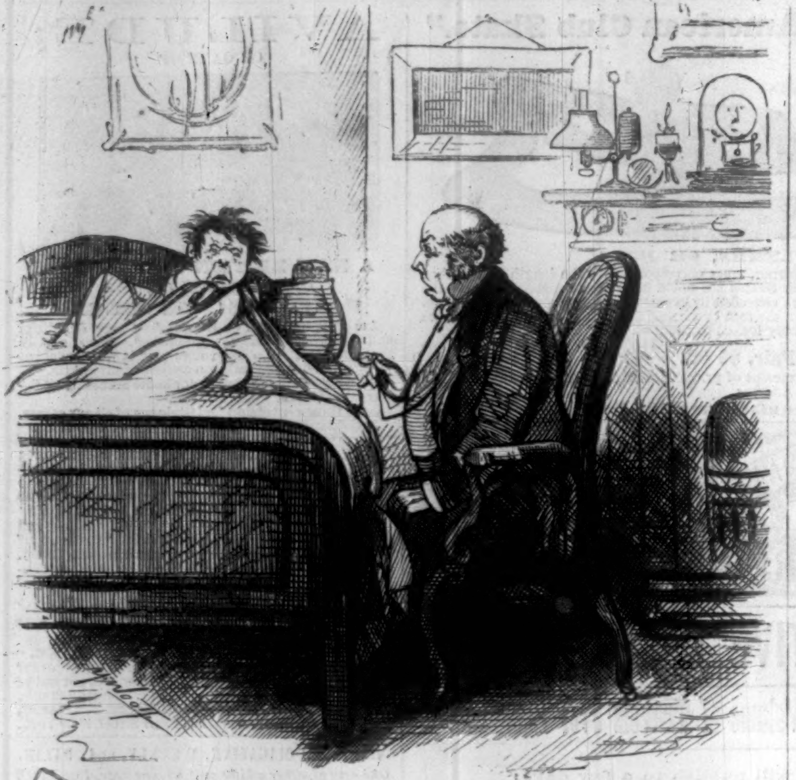
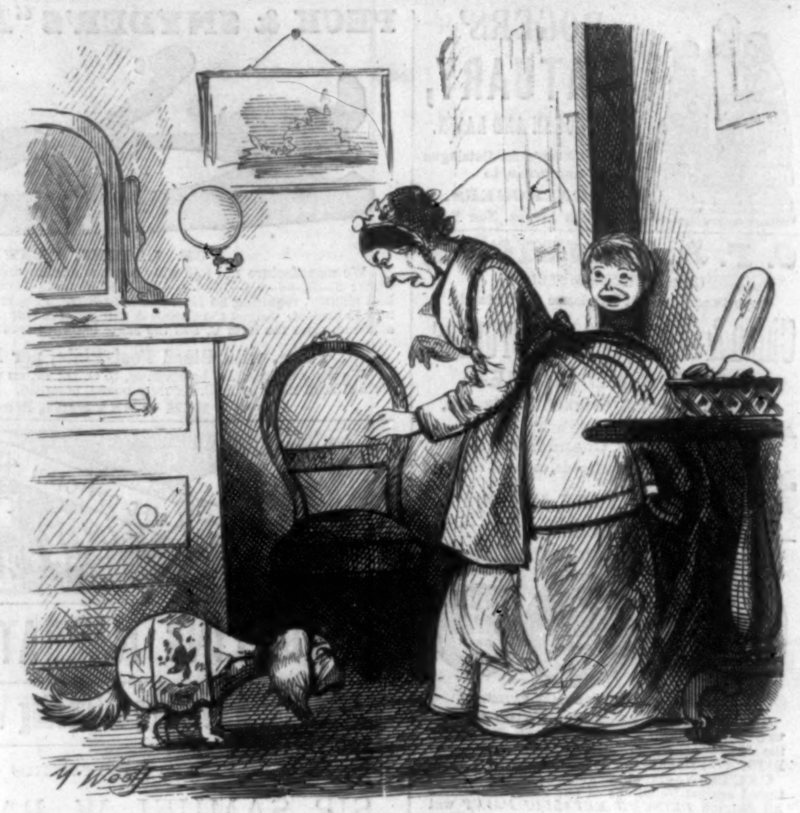


"Oh, Doctor, I feel so sick!"
"What have you been eating lately?"
"Why, you see—don't tell on me—I hooked a Mince Pie from the Cook, and I brought it to Bed with me. I could only eat half, and I've been sleeping on the other half all night!"



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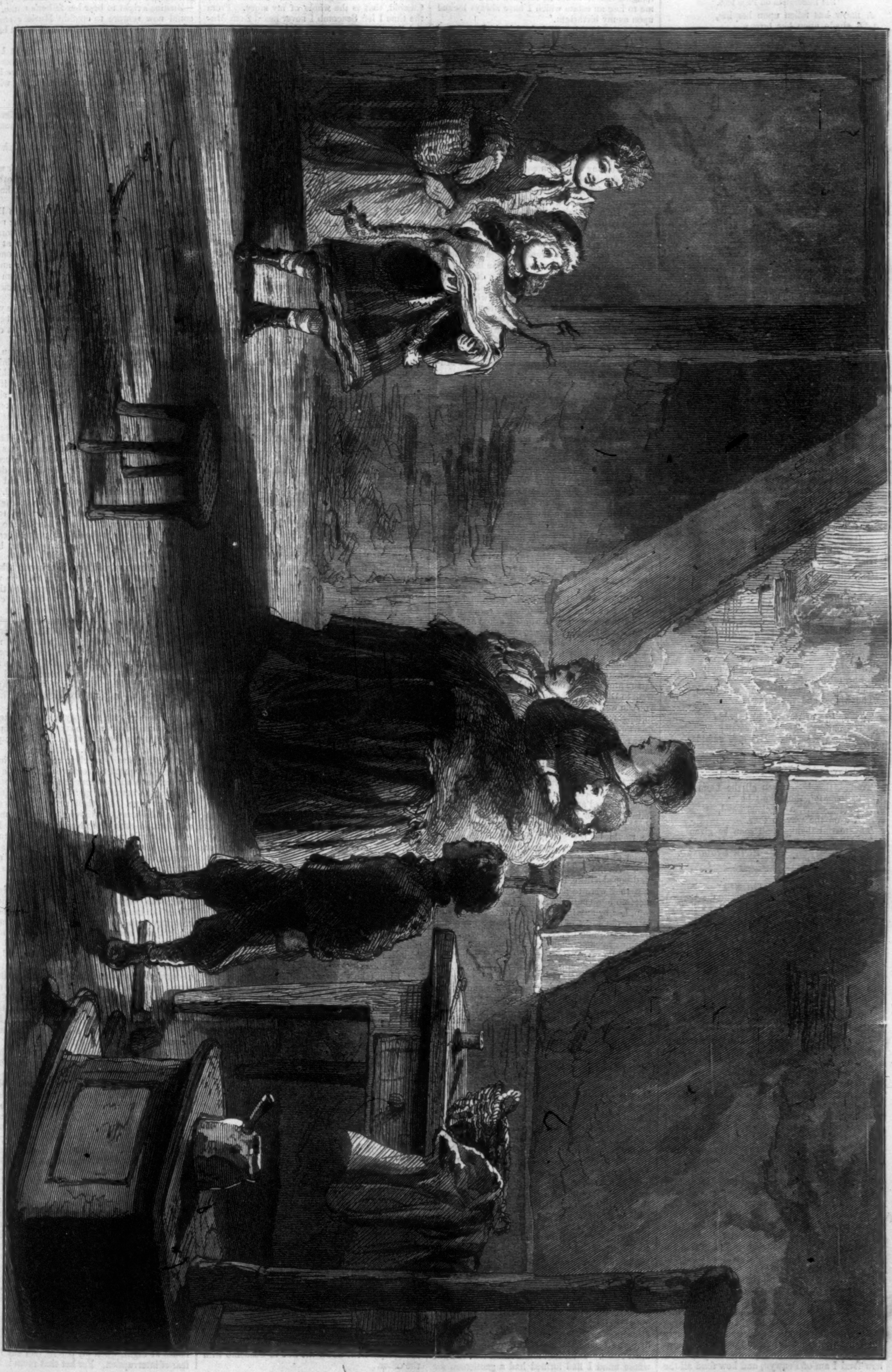


THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem on Page 1006.]

THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

See Illustration on Page 1005.

A blow has fallen upon her life,
A shade upon her brow;
A year ago she was a wife—
She is a widow now.
Her children had a father then,
The kindest and the best of men.

They ran to meet him at the door
When he came home at night;
His step, that was so tired before,
His heavy step, grew light:
He would not let his troubles come
To sadden his dear ones at home.

The prattle of each childish tongue,
The patter of their feet,
The little hands to him that clung,
The kisses, kisses sweet—
Father and husband, can there be
A happier man on earth than he?

She lives his sickness over—keeps
Her watch beside his bed,
Consoles and cheers, but inly weeps
She is not there instead.
What would she not endure of pain
If he were only well again?

Weep, wife, the hour is coming—weep!
Widow, the hour has come!
Sleep, father, sleep thy last, long sleep!
Be all but Mother dumb!
For Mother, though thy heart may bleed,
Here are these little mouths to feed!

The widow wakens with a start,
And dries a falling tear;
Presses her children to her heart,
Grown dearer now, so dear!
She can be strong, she must, she will,
For has she not her children still?

She lives for them. What he was, she—
The getter of their bread;
To feed her little family,
And think about her dead—
This loving duty brightens now
The shadow on her serious brow.

Early and late her busy hands
The needle ply; the light
That on her sewing-table stands
Burns far into the night;
The morning, when it enters there,
Beholds her sleeping in her chair.

The long days come, the long nights go;
The skies grow dark; the leaves
Whirl through the air; the cold winds blow;
The snow drifts on the eaves,
Against her window, darker, higher;
The children huddle round the fire!

Through winter's cold and summer's heat
The widow does her best;
To keep her children clean and neat
She robs herself of rest;
She teaches them that God will bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The Father of the World beholds
His children, great and small;
His strength sustains, His love enfolds,
His bounty blesses all.
Mother, thy children shall be fed,
And thy sad heart be comforted.

To-day, this hour when all the Land
Is thankful, thou shalt be;
A tender heart, a gracious hand,
Are on the way to thee.
Thy tearful thanks shall soon be given
To Him who has thy dead in Heaven!

R. H. Stoddard.

(Continued from No. 935, page 978.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"O LOVE, WHAT HOURS WERE THINE AND MINE!"

Madame Bâlo paused, with a sigh, and then continued her story.

"George Penwyn came to me one day, just before the Michaelmas holidays—it was about a year after Muriel had gone home for good—and asked me for half an hour's private talk. Well do I remember that calm September afternoon, and his bright, eager face as we walked up and down together in the garden at Seacomb, by the sunny wall, where the last of the figs and plums were ripening. He told me he was madly in love with Muriel Trevanard, deeper in love than he had ever been in his life—in fact, it was the one true passion of his life. 'I may have fancied myself in love before,' he said, 'but this is reality.' I tried to laugh him out of his fancy; reminded him of the difference in station between himself and a tenant-farmer's daughter; asked him what his father would say to such an infatuation. 'That's what I'm here to talk about,' said George. 'You know what my father is, and that I might just as well try to turn the course of those two rivers we used to read about when you were grinding me as to turn my father from his purpose. He has made up his mind that I am to marry land—he dreams of land, sleeping and waking—and spends half his time in calculating the number of his acres. If I refuse to marry land, he will disinherit me, and one of my younger brothers will get Penwyn. Now you know how fond I am of Penwyn, and how fond all the people round Penwyn are of me; and you may imagine that it would be rather a hard blow for me to lose an estate which I have always looked upon as my birthright.'

"'I should think so, indeed,' said I.

"'But I love Muriel Trevanard better than house or land,' replied he, 'and I would rather lose all than lose her.'"

"What did you say to this?" asked Humphrey.

"I told him that he was simply mad to think about Muriel, except as he might of a beautiful picture which he had seen in a gallery. But I might as well have reasoned with the wind. He had made up his mind that life without Muriel wasn't worth having. If ever I saw passionate, reckless, all-absorbing love in my life, I saw it in him. Nothing would content him but that Muriel and he should be married before he went abroad with his regiment. He only wanted the tie, the certainty that nothing less than death could part them. He would ask no more than that she should be legally his wife, and would wait a fitting time to take her away from her father's house, and proclaim his marriage to the world. Nothing would be gained by my repeating the arguments I used. They were of no avail. He held to his foolish romantic purpose of calling Muriel his wife before he left England. 'I shall only be away a year or two,' he said, 'and who knows but I may gain a shred of reputation before I come back—return full major, perhaps, and be able to soften my father's flinty heart?' He told me that he wanted my help, but if I refused it, the marriage would take place all the same. He would not leave England until he had made Muriel his own."

"And you consented to help him?"

"He talked me out of my better reason. Mr. Clissold, I must confess to a romantic temperament, and that reason is not my strong point. I was touched by the intensity of his love, the romance of the situation; and after a long argument, and doing my uttermost to dissuade George from the step he contemplated, I ultimately promised him my aid, and, above all, the strictest secrecy. Muriel was to be asked to spend the Michaelmas holidays with me, and then we were to go quietly to a little watering-place in Devonshire, where no one would know any thing about us or about George Penwyn. George was to slip up to London by the morning express and come back by the mail, bringing the license with him, and every thing was to be managed in such a way as to prevent the possibility of suspicion on the part of the Squire."

"Did Muriel consent readily to such a plan?"

"I think not. But, however unwillingly, her consent had been given before she came to me, and when I, as woman to woman, asked her if she really wished this marriage to take place, she told me yes, she wished all that George wished. He had a foolish idea that her father and mother would oblige her to marry some one else if he left her unfettered, she told me, and nothing would satisfy him but that indissoluble bond. Well, we went to Didmouth, the quietest little sea-port town you can well imagine, and here Muriel and I lived in lodgings for a fortnight, while George had his quarters at the hotel. I think those were happy days for both of them. The country round Didmouth is lovely, and they used to wander about together all day long on the hills, and in the lanes where the blackberries were ripening, and the ferns beginning to change their tint. I never saw such innocent, happy lovers. The simplest things pleased and interested them. They were full of hope for the future, when the old Squire should relent. I don't know how they supposed he would be brought to change his ideas, but they had some vague notion that he would come round to George's way of thinking in a year or two. As the wedding-day drew near their spirits drooped a little, for it was an understood thing that they were to part at the church door, and meet no more until the Squire's consent had been won, lest by any imprudent meeting they should betray the secret of their union, and bring about George's disinheritance. I made them both promise most solemnly that they would not meet after the wedding until George had told his father all, and settled his future fate for good or evil. I stood beside Muriel at the altar; I signed my name in the parish register. I saw bride and bridegroom kiss with their parting kiss, and then I took my old pupil off to the Didmouth coach—there was no rail to Didmouth in those days—and by night-fall we were back in Seacomb, worn out both of us with the emotions of that curious wedding-day. A few days later Muriel went back to Borcel End, and I saw no more of her till the following Christmas, when I drove over to the farm one afternoon to say good-by to my old pupil, after having advantageously disposed of my school, and on the eve of my departure for the Continent. I could only see Muriel in the presence of her mother and father, who received me with old-fashioned ceremoniousness, and gave me no opportunity of being alone with my pupil. And thus I left Cornwall ignorant of any need that Muriel might have of my friendship, counsel, or aid. I looked upon George Penwyn's marriage as a foolish whim of a headstrong young man passionately in love; but I had no thought that peril or ruin could come of that act; and I looked forward hopefully to the time when Captain Penwyn would return and claim his wife before all the world. Whether the old Squire did or did not forego his threat of an unjust will, it would be no bad thing for Muriel to be a captain's or a major's wife, I thought, even if her husband were landless or fortuneless. Better than marrying trade or agriculture, I told myself. Very foolish, no doubt; but my dear old father, who taught me the classics, taught me a good many prejudices into the bargain, and though I had to get my living as a school-mistress, I always looked down upon trade. It pleased me to think that the girl whose mind I had formed had a gentleman for her husband, and a gentleman descended from one of the oldest families in Cornwall. And now, Mr. Clissold, that is the whole of my story. From the time I left Seacomb I never heard from Muriel Penwyn, though I had given her my London agent's address when we parted, an address from which letters would always be forwarded to me."

"You heard of her husband's death, I suppose."

"Not till nearly six months after it happened, when I saw an account of the poor fellow's melancholy fate in an Italian newspaper, a paragraph copied from *Galignani*. You may imagine that my heart bled for Muriel, yet I dared not write to express my sympathy, fearing to betray a secret which she might prefer to keep forever hidden from her parents. The foolish marriage was now no more than a dream, I thought, a shadow which had passed across the sunshine of her bright young life, leaving grief and pain in its track, but exercising no serious influence on her future. 'She will get over her sorrow in a year or so, and marry some good-looking farmer or Seacomb shop-keeper after all,' I thought, bitterly disappointed at this sad ending to my pretty little romance. I wrote to a friend at Seacomb soon after to inquire about my old pupil, putting my questions with assumed carelessness. My friend replied that Miss Trevanard was still unmarried and with her parents—a dull life for the poor girl, she feared—but she understood that Miss Trevanard was well. That was all I could hear."

"The breaking of a heart is a quiet transaction," said Humphrey, "hardly noticeable to the outward world. Small-pox is a far more obvious calamity."

Madame Bâlo sighed. She felt that she had some cause for remorse on the subject of Muriel Trevanard; that she had taken too little trouble about the young wife's after-fate; had been too much absorbed by her own musical studies, her Continental friends, and her own interests generally.

"What was the name of the church at Didmouth where the marriage took place?" asked Humphrey.

"The parish church, St. John's."

"And the date of the marriage?"

"September 30, 1847."

This was all that Madame Bâlo could tell him, and all that he wanted to know. It seemed to him that his course was tolerably clear. He had to prove first the marriage, then the birth of the infant, and finally Justina's identity with that infant.

His three witnesses would be:

1. Miss Bâlo, to prove the marriage.
2. Old Mrs. Trevanard, who could testify to the birth of the child.
3. Mathew Elgood, in whose custody Justina had been from the day of her birth, and whose evidence, if held worthy of credence, must needs establish her identity with the child born at Borcel End.

On leaving Madame Bâlo, with whom he parted on excellent terms, Humphrey went straight to his solicitors, Messrs. Willgross and Harding, of Old Square, good old family solicitors—substantial, reliable, sagacious. Before the younger partner, his especial friend and counselor, he laid his case.

Mr. Harding heard him with a thoughtful countenance, and was in no haste to commit himself to an opinion.

"Rather difficult to dispossess such a man as this Mr. Churchill Penwyn on the testimony of a strolling player," he said. "It's a pity you haven't witnesses with better standing in the world. It might look like a got up case."

"There is the evidence of the parish register at Didmouth church."

"To prove the marriage. Yes, but only an old blind woman to prove the birth of an heiress, and only this Elgood to show that the infant was intrusted to him. And on the strength of his evidence you want to claim an estate worth seven thousand a year for a young actress at the Albert Theatre. The story is very pretty, very romantic, but, upon my word, Clissold, between friends, if I were you, I would not take much trouble about it."

"I will take whatever trouble may be needful to prove Justina's legitimacy," replied Humphrey, with decision. "The estate is a secondary consideration."

"Of course. A mere bagatelle. Well, one of our clerks shall go down to Didmouth to make a copy of the entry in the register."

"I'll go with him," said Humphrey.

CHAPTER L.

"THE SADDEST LOVE HAS SOME SWEET MEMORY."

Mr. Clissold left London for Didmouth by the mail, accompanied by Mr. Pointer, a confidential clerk of Messrs. Willgross and Harding. Didmouth was still off the main line, and they had to drive seven or eight miles in a jolting little omnibus, very low in the roof, and by no means luxurious within. They reached Didmouth too late for any thing except supper and bed, but they were at the sexton's cottage before eight o'clock next morning, and thence repaired to the church, with the elderly custodian and his keys in their company.

The registers were produced, and the entry of the marriage found under the date supplied by Miss Barlow. A duly testified copy of this entry being taken by Mr. Pointer, in duplicate, Humphrey's mission at Didmouth was concluded.

He parted from Mr. Pointer at the railway station after having endured another hour of the jolting omnibus; and while the clerk hastened back to London with one of the two documents, Humphrey went down the line to Seacomb with the other.

He had not been away a week, and yet he had established the one fact he most desired to prove—Justina's right to bear her father's name. He could now venture to confide Muriel's story to Martin, or at least so much of it as might be told without reflecting on his dead mother.

He walked into the old farm-house at breakfast-time next morning, after having spent the night at Seacomb, and crossed the moors in the autumnal mists of earliest morning, not without some hazard of losing his way.

Martin was surprised and delighted.

"What good wind blows you here, dear old fellow?" he cried, his brow, gloomy enough a moment before, now all sunshine.

"The best wind that ever blew, I think," answered Humphrey.

Mr. Trevanard had gone about his day's work; he had taken to working harder than ever of late, Martin said; so the two young men had the old hall to themselves.

Here Humphrey told his story, Martin listening with profound emotion, and shedding no unmanly tears at the record of his sister's sorrows.

"My poor mother," he sobbed out at last. "She acted for the best—to save the honor of our family; but it was hard on Muriel; and she was sinless all the time—a wife, free from taint of wrong-doing, except that fatal concealment of her marriage."

Then, when the first shock was over, the young man inquired eagerly about his niece, his beloved sister's only child, the babe that had been exiled from its birth-place, robbed of its name.

"How nobly, how wisely, how ably you have acted from first to last, Clissold!" he exclaimed. "Without your help this tangled web could never have been unraveled. But how did it ever occur to you that Miss Elgood and my sister's daughter could be one and the same person?"

"Perhaps it was because I have thought so much more of Justina Elgood lately than any one else," answered Humphrey; and then he went on to confess that his old wound was healed, and that he loved Justina with a deeper and truer love than he had given the doctor's daughter. Martin was delighted. This would make a new link between himself and his friend.

Humphrey's next anxiety was for an interview with old Mrs. Trevanard. He wanted to test that aged memory, to discover how far the blind grandmother might be relied upon when the time came for laying this family secret before the world.

Mrs. Trevanard still kept her room. She was able to move about a little, able to keep watch and ward upon Muriel, but she preferred the retirement of her own chamber to her old corner in the family sitting-room.

"The place would seem strange to me without Bridget," she told Humphrey, when he expressed his regret at finding her still in her own room. "It's not so much the rheumatics that keep me here as the thought of that. Bridget was all in all in this house. The old room would seem desolate without her. So I just keep by my own bit of fire, and knit my stocking; and think of old times."

"I dare say your memory is a better one than many young people can boast of," said Humphrey, who had taken the empty chair by the fire-place, opposite Mrs. Trevanard.

"Well, I haven't much to complain of in that respect," answered the old woman, with a sigh. "I have sometimes thought that it is better for old people when their memories are not quite so strong as mine. But then, perhaps, that's owing to my blindness. I have nothing left me but memory. I can't see to read, not even my Bible, and I haven't many about me that care to read to me. So the past is my book, and I'm always reading the saddest chapters in it. It's a pity Providence has made us so that our minds dwell longest on sorrowful things."

Humphrey related his discovery gently and with some preparation to Muriel's grandmother. When she heard that Muriel was sinless, that her marriage with George Penwyn was an established fact, the blind woman lifted up her voice in thanksgiving to her God.

"I always thought as much," she said, after that first gush of prayer and praise. "I always thought my poor lamb was innocent, but Bridget would not have it so. Bridget hugged the notion of our wrong. She always was talking of God's vengeance on the wrong-doer, and when he met with that cruel death, she declared that it was a judgment, forgetting that the judgment fell heaviest on our poor Muriel."

They talked long and earnestly of the hapless daughter of the house, Humphrey confiding unreservedly in Mrs. Trevanard, who evinced a shrewd sense that filled him with hope. Old and blind though she was, this was not a witness to be browbeaten by a cross-examining counsel, should the issue ever be tried in a court of justice.

"Now, from what we know, and from what happened to me on the first night I ever spent in this house," said Humphrey, "it is clear to my mind that your granddaughter and her husband were in the habit of meeting secretly in the room at the end of the corridor, at night, when the rest of the household was wrapped in sleep."

He went on to describe the scene of his first night at Borcel End—Muriel watching at the open window, entreating her lover to come back to her. Did not this conduct indicate that he had been in the habit of entering the house secretly by that window? Its height was little over eight feet from the ground, and the ivy-clad wall would have been easy enough for any active young man to climb, to say nothing of the ledge and projecting masonry of the lower window, which made the ascent still easier.

"My idea is this," said Humphrey. "Your poor granddaughter's instinct takes her to that room whenever she is free to ramble about the house at night, when all is still, and she has no fear of interruption. For her that room is haunted by sad and sweet memories. What more likely than that, if free to go there nightly, she would, in the self-communion of a wandering mind, reveal more of the past than we have yet learned, act over again her meetings with her lover, say over again the old words. Will you leave her free to wander to-night if the fancy seizes her? I will lie down in my clothes and keep watch, ready to listen, or to follow her if need be. The moon is nearly at the full, and the night will be bright enough to tempt her to wander. Will you let it be so, Mrs. Trevanard?"

"I don't see that any harm could come of it," answered the old woman, dubiously. "She is reasonable enough in her way, and I have never known her attempt to do herself a mischief. But as to what she can reveal in her wild wandering talk, I don't see myself how that can be of any good."

"Perhaps not. It is only a fancy of mine at best, but I shall be pleased if you will indulge it. I shall not be here more than two or three nights, at most."

"I will leave my door unlocked on those nights," said Mrs. Trevanard. "But I shall not have much rest while that poor child is wandering about."

To the grandmother, to whom the past was more real than the present, Muriel was still the girl of eighteen newly returned from school.

The rest of the day was spent quietly enough by Humphrey and Martin in a ramble by the sea-shore. At dinner Mr. Trevanard appeared, but although he was surprised to see Humphrey so soon after his departure, he evinced no curiosity as to the motive of his return. The master of Borcel farm seemed to have lost all interest in life in losing the partner of his days and cares. He went about his work with a mechanical air, talked very little, drank more than he ate, and seemed altogether in a bad way.

Humphrey observed him with concern.

"If we could but kindle a glimmer of reason in his daughter's breast, she might be a comfort to him in the decline of his life," speculated the poet, "and it is just possible that a father's love might exercise some healing influence upon that disordered mind. The isolation to which her mother condemned her was the surest method of deadening mind and memory."

He would have given much had he been free to summon Justina to Borcel, and test the power of a daughter's love upon Muriel's brain. But to summon Justina away from London would be to imperil the prosperity of the Albert Theatre, and doubtless to incur legal penalties. Nor did he wish to draw Justina into the business till his chain of evidence was too complete for the possibility of failure in the establishment of her rights.

"No," he told himself; "for some time to come I must act without Justina."

Martin could talk of nothing but his newly discovered niece, and was full of impatience to see her. It was only by promising to take him to London in a few days and introduce him to Justina that Humphrey succeeded in keeping this young man quiet during his first day at Borcel End. And thus the day wore itself out, and night, with the full autumn moonlight, descended upon the old farm-house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"THAT was a strange sound among the rafters! Did you hear it?"

This question was eagerly asked of his nearest neighbor by one of a little group of travelers who had gathered round the embers of a pine-wood fire at a way-side inn in one of the remotest parts of wild Bohemia.

"I heard nothing," replied the traveler thus addressed, casting up his eyes suspiciously, nevertheless, to the hollow roof above their heads, black and grim with the smoke of many a winter's day and night.

"It *was* strange," said a quiet voice from the opposite corner of the huge chimney, "but not so strange as sounds that *I* have heard and sights that *I* have seen."

This was enough, and more than enough. His fellow-travelers unanimously veered round in the direction of the speaker, and entreated him to communicate something of what he had seen and what he had heard, hoping for the worst as to its being a something very ghastly and horrible.

The speaker, evidently by his accent a native of some part of Germany, was a middle-aged man, and bore the appearance of an artist—just such a one as might have been sent in his early days by the great man of his native town or village to study art in Rome, and to return from thence—like how many others?—doing little more, or perhaps even less, than before he sought the oracles which now vouchsafe no answer. He was a wonderfully strange, imaginative-looking being (though by no means an unprepossessing one either), with a wild blue eye, an absent smile, and an odd way of speaking, as it were to persons who were not present, and not to those who were so.

"Years ago," began the stranger, with something of a sigh—"years ago, in the spring-time of my life, but in the autumn of the year, I followed the wanderings of the Rhine. One evening I found myself, weary and sore-footed, sitting in the shadow of one of those far-famed relics of a stormy past, whose still powerful outline, as it crowns and seems to ennoble the common vineyard hill, yet arrests the gaze of the thoughtful traveler, or of one like myself, a pilgrim on the face of the earth, in search of the Beautiful.

"I was a grand dreamer in those days, and as I lay gazing musingly up at those stern old walls, still keeping faithful watch in spite of time and weather, the life of its own day seemed to be restored to the long silent stronghold. There it was all before me: the steel-clad knight on his steed of raven black; the slender form of the gentle minstrel, moon-tipped among the falling shadows; the wayworn pilgrim who stopped to shake the dust from his hempen sandal at the castle gate. I saw them all. Music, too, there was—wild, daring snatches of warrior song from the halls within, and bursts of clarion-callings from the rampart walls without, and harp-strings that trembled on the ear as a ray of light on water. All this I seemed to see and hear; but while I yet lingered, spell-bound to the spot, a team of oxen, followed by its peasant driver, came hurrying down to drink at the oft-sung river, and the trampling of the beasts and the shouts of the driver soon scared my visions far away. An ancient-looking man, who sat and smoked his pipe on one of the draw-bridge walls, came forth from his shadowy corner to have a word with the passing stranger.

"I have seldom seen a more weird-looking being than the old man then before me. His hair was white and long; his beard was white and long; his pipe was whitest and longest of all; and he had no sooner wished me 'good-evening' than he showed his anxiety to rid himself of my company by wishing me 'good-night.' The road before me was, he said, a lonely one (no company all along it but the storks), and he recommended me to lose no time in starting, so as not to be overtaken by the night; a storm, too, he thought, was brewing, but if I set off at once I might reach the nearest village before it burst. 'No sleeping here, you know, Sir,' he added, impressively, seeing that I still lingered; 'no sleeping here. You wouldn't like it, nor I either; you'd best be off, Sir.'

"There was a something mysteriously imperative in the old fellow's tone and gestures as he said this. I neither understood nor relished it. I was very young then, and wayward, as one is apt to be in the golden days of one's life. Had the old man pressed me to stay, or even merely invited me to pass the night in his skeleton of a dwelling-place, I should most likely, like a free horse turning his shoulder to the stable door, have turned my back on its mouldering walls, and my face to the open fields; but he wished me away, he churlishly urged my departure from the precincts of his little kingdom, and therefore I simply determined to remain.

"Just at this crisis some rain-drops began to fall with a heavy splash on the broad gray stones of the bridge beside which we were standing.

"'See!' I exclaimed to the unwilling host; 'the storm has begun already. Surely there must be some one habitable corner in your huge castle there in which you could allow me to wait for morning; for it's vain to think of reaching the nearest sleeping-place before midnight, with all this wind and rain, and my poor tired feet.'

"'Habitable corners!' repeated the old man, with an air of offended pride, closely followed, however, by an approach to a facetious chuckle, which, as it tucked up his gray mustache, revealed the single tooth left behind it; 'habitable corners!' Why, the whole of one of the towers, the western one, had lately been repaired and fitted up, and even slept in, for a time at least. Only he wondered, for his part, at my caring to stay in so dull a place; some persons wouldn't fancy it at all. As for himself, he was used to it—and an honest man. They never, never troubled him.

"I had not at first attended to the closing words of this soliloquy; but, as will sometimes happen, their meaning came back upon me a moment later, and I asked my guide, who still half reluctantly led the way into the interior of the castle, to what species of molestation he alluded. My query was, however, unheard, or he didn't care to answer it, as a gruffish 'Hein!' followed by a caution to look down at my feet and not up at the stars, as we passed by the sunken well at the corner of the court, was the only reply it received, and I scarcely liked to try again.

"We had by this time entered a wonderfully fine desolate old place (sadly out of keeping with its traditionary and festive name, however—'the knights' feasting-hall,' as my conductor called it), and where rude arches, still powerful in their extreme old age, and massive pillars of unpolished stone, cast rough rich shadows all around, while half the stars in heaven peeped in through the lofty but dismantled roof.

"All this grand preface led to nothing more, however, than a few narrow and empty passages. How often have grand prefaces to other things in life done just the same! Who won the first pupil's prize at Düsseldorf? To which among all those pupils did Peter Cornelius intrust the finishing of Lazarus's winding-sheet that time in Rome? Not to Rothman, not to Wilhelm, not to Franz, but to *me!* There was a fair beginning—preface, if you will—and to what did it all lead? To nothing at all, or to poor empty passages at best. We passed, then, straight from the grand old feasting-hall to the low-roofed cell, niched in among the buttresses, which the guardian called his own. Here a sable cat, with witch-like eyes, sat pensively beside the hearth; and a gaudy red-and-yellow print of the holy St. Cundegonde, pinned awry over the mantel-piece, gave what we call the only touch of color to the place.

"It was now beginning to grow dark, and my unwilling host took down from the shelf a damaged mineral-water bottle, with a candle end stuck in it, which he lighted at the embers. Then, turning to me, 'Good Sir,' said he, 'as it seems no other inn will serve your turn this night, I suppose you must try mine;' and he led the way accordingly to the apartments of the western tower, in which, he once more repeated, accommodation was not the one thing wanted. ('What was it, then?" I thought.) The rooms of the western tower had, he said, been refitted with old family furniture only two years ago by his master, Baron G——, of Manheim, who was himself partial to the place, and had tried—had, in fact, spent some weeks at the castle last vintage-time, with other members of the family; but, he added, 'none of the young ladies throve there, nor, indeed, my honored mistress either. The wind blows cold and damp from the river of a night. They said it was always blowing their candles out as they crossed the gallery to their chambers, so one fine day they all went back to Manheim.'

"There was something in this one particular passage of the old retainer's discourse which took my fancy—for I was then still fancy-free, and neither your charming face, my Margaret, nor that dear smile of yours, had yet taken possession of my every thought—and as I followed my old guide up the creaking staircase I seemed to see before me those fair young maidens, with their wind-blown lights, wreathed together in their graceful fear, nymph-like, as the exquisite creations of the English artist Flaxman.

"When we had got to the top of the old stone stairway, Fritz, as he told me he was called by friends and foes alike, fumbled in some hidden corner, and having found a rusty key there, applied it to the lock of a black-paneled door, which opened to his touch, as doors are apt to do that are not often asked to take that trouble, slowly and unwillingly, nay, even more than that, as if some one held it back from within. 'Who's in there?' said I, in a low voice, to Fritz. 'Hein!' was his sole reply. At last, however, the door yielded to his pushing. In we went, and there was no one there after all.

"It was a dismal chamber, and a large one. It had tapestries and a set of ponderous high-backed benches, and seemed destined to serve as antechamber to the rest. Through it we passed on into another, and another after that, and yet one more—all dim, chill, and silent as the grave; and at last we came to the farthest one of all, in which a huge unwieldy-looking bed of antique form, with sweeping draperies of dark green serge, o'ershadowed half the floor. A quivering mountain-ash that grew without checkered the lozenge-shaped lattice-panes with the shadow of its trembling leaves, forever, as it were, pleading for admittance; while the chill autumn wind, toying with some loose rubbish in the grim old chimney corner, seemed to stir up a kind of false, dreary life within its hollow.

"This, however, was all. There was no mysterious family portrait with pursuing eye upon the wall; no stern suit of hollow armor in the angle of the room; no desperate, bloody single combat on the faded arras.

"I have seen before and since, in many a Roman palace or ancient Florentine dwelling-house, chambers of a far more striking aspect, which brought before one more vividly the character and traditions of the romantic ages, and were more fitting scenes for dark domestic tragedies and hidden family history; but never, no, never, have I beheld any human habitation having about it precisely what this one had. The first glance at it sent an ice-like chill through all my veins. The very remembrance of it does so still.

"'This, then,' said the old retainer, lifting, as he spoke, a fold of the sombre curtain of the bed—'this will be your bed to-night, and it is perhaps better, after all, to lie here than at the mercy of the thieves and the winds by the river-side.' And having arrived at this conclusion, he added, more cheerfully, 'Now, then, Sir, if you will come down stairs again with me, and share my bit of sausage and my fire, you are welcome to both.'

"I gladly accepted the offer, and we returned accordingly to his humble cell, transformed by comparison into a perfect snuggery. We supped together by his little fragrant pine-wood fire; we drank to the health of the baron and his fair daughters in a flask of his own good Rhenish; but it failed to make my heart merry. My spirits had been damped, unaccountably damped, by the impression made upon me by the mere sight of that dreary sleeping-chamber, and the still more dreary prospect of having to pass a night within its walls; so that when the hour came for me to borrow the mineral-water bottle with the candle end, and to light myself up stairs again, my heart sank within me.

"Old Fritz, who had accompanied me as far as the antechamber door, took leave of me there, with many a 'gute nacht,' and left me defenseless on the threshold.

"I am not a coward where real flesh and blood are concerned, but am a very maid for ghosts, and would have given worlds to have called him back. I did, indeed, make a faint attempt at some deplorable condescension of the kind, and even thought I heard a retreating 'Hein!' from the foot of the staircase; but nothing more came of it, and I turned to meet my fate.

"As I did so something rose up before the door as if to prevent my passing. I thrust my candle down toward it (for it stood low), and found it was only a dog; still, gaunt, and unnatural as he looked, at least to my eyes, it was no comfort to see him there and then. The thing struck me as odd, too, for I remembered having asked old Fritz if he never kept a dog in this lone place for protection or for company, and that he had answered, '*Never!*' I now looked hastily around me for some loose bit of wood or stone or something to fling at the unsightly animal, and found it close at hand; but while I stooped to pick it up the creature disappeared. How it contrived to creep in with me unseen I knew not, but I saw it again in the room immediately preceding the sleeping one, crouching sphinx-like on the red-tiled floor, with its seal's eyes immovably fixed on me.

"I hurried past, nor turned to look behind me. Persons in similar situations seldom care to do so, and I closed the door of the room firmly behind me as I entered. But I was not alone in my chamber; I felt sure of *that.* Some one or something was there before me. A low rustling sound ran stealthily round the walls behind the arras, and then all was suddenly still.

"Fritz had piled some logs upon the hearth and thoughtfully prepared a fire, and having stirred up the red embers into so bright a blaze that the quaint old shepherdesses on the folding screen beside me danced and capered quite wildly in the fitful light, I drew forward a huge chair of faded damask, and, taking a favorite volume from the pocket of my blouse, endeavored to read. But I could not read for trying to listen, and could not listen for the beating of my heart.

"Suddenly it struck me that I would try to find refuge in sleep—sleep which would fold me safely in its wings until the coming of the blessed light of day; and in a desperate moment I made a headlong plunge into the dismal bed, which yawned to receive me, and—and—but why be ashamed to confess this, while we openly confess so many worse things?—and I hid my head under the bedclothes. Why sheets and blankets should be deemed impenetrable to the subtle essence of supernatural beings I know not, but such *is* the popular belief and practice.

"Well, then, I did sleep at last, but I dreamed as well. The old hollow voice of Fritz sounded in my ear in spite of all the coverings drawn over me, and it said, 'I was a child at the time it happened, Sir, and I'm an honest man. They never troubled *me*.'

"I awoke and sat up, and gazed with awe around me; but if ever the old guardian had been at my bedside, he was not there then. I looked shudderingly toward the door; it was closed, just as I had left it, but an irresistible attraction riveted my stony gaze on the spot.

"It was a cold, dim, morning moonlight, struggling with a still colder dawn, and the fire had long ceased to burn. The floor of the chamber was uneven; there was a space between it and the bottom of the door; and while I kept looking, looking, always looking in that one direction, something horrible came and placed itself on the other side of the open chink.

"It was a foot; but such a foot! white, shapeless, belonging to no one human—not of this world. It stopped before the chink. Then came its fellow. They passed, repassed, and stopped again.

"Oh, how I did long to shout out, to shriek, to make the place ring again! But I could not. I would have held my eyes fast closed against the horrible sight, but could not keep them from staring wide. The door seemed to heave on its hinges, and to sway backward and forward as if the awful visitor were coming in. It did come in, something or some one pursuing it. I knew not what or who. I felt it at the foot of my bed. It climbed and swung itself up by the curtain. It had such long, damp, tangled hair, such miserable eyes! It sobbed and clung to me. I swooned beneath the deadly touch.

"When I recovered my consciousness I found myself in one of the sleeping-rooms of an inn at Andernach. The evening sunshine was coming in gayly through the red check curtains of the window; my walking-staff and knapsack were carefully deposited on the table by the bedside; and the good woman of the house, who kindly administered cordials to me, answered my wondering glances by stating that an old peasant man from a neighboring castle had driven me over that morning in his covered cart, and had recommended me to the care of the people of the *gasthaus* as a sick and overtired traveler whom chance had thrown in his way the day before.

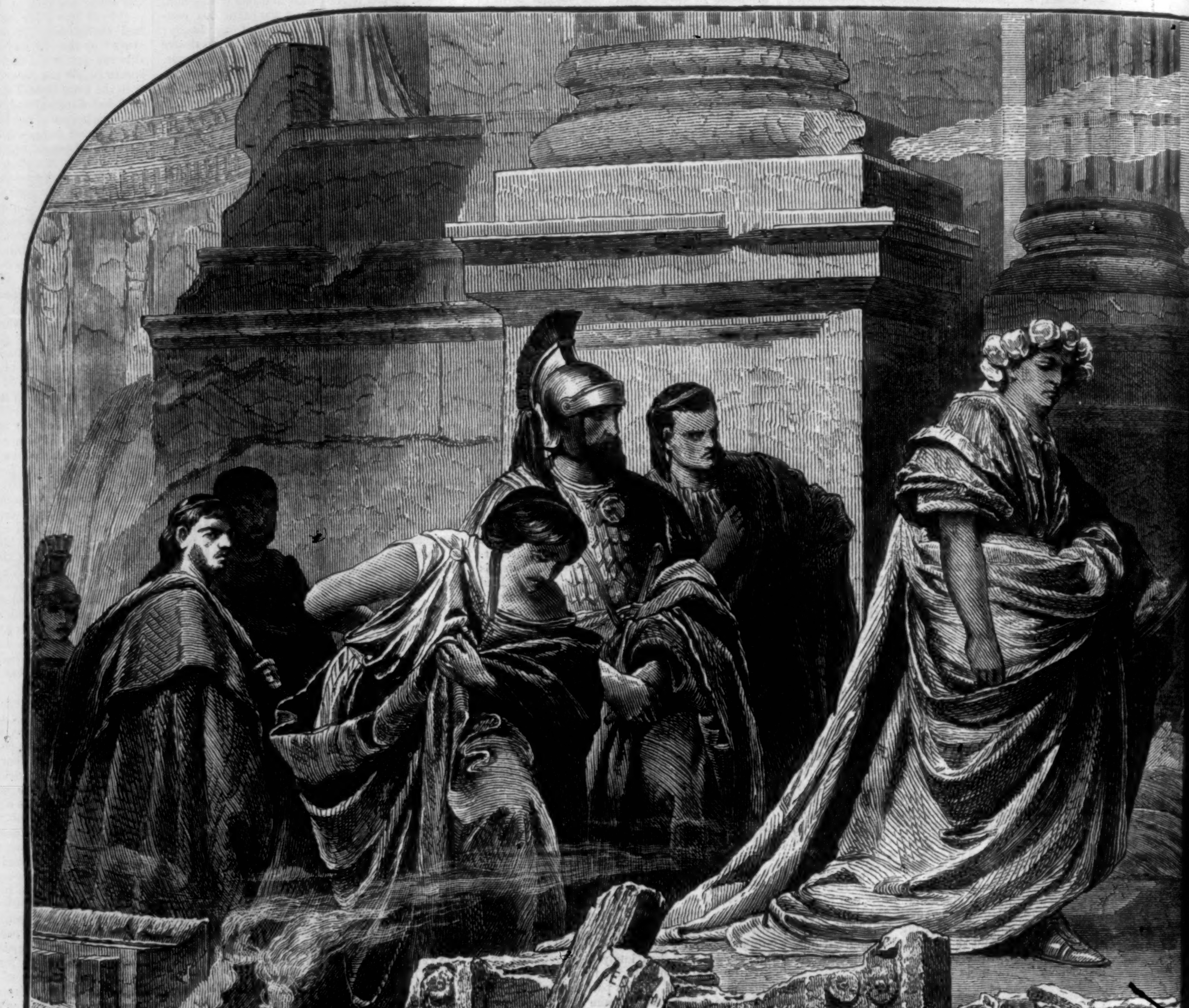
"'It was Hans Scheffman, in fact,' added the old woman, 'though he didn't choose to name himself, he is so shy and solitary like; but I remember him of old, when I myself was but a child and he a boy. There was a sad piece of work up at the old castle place there where he lives. A girl was found drowned in the water of the moat, and they do say his master did it—the old baron of all, father to the present one. The poor thing had a dog who tried to save her, but he soon made an end of him too—leastways they say 'twas he who did it all. He was a bad man, he was, at any rate, and only just took himself off in time to save his trial—here below, that's to say, for he's sure enough to have it elsewhere in the end. However, to this very day no one knows how or whither he went, and neither Christian man nor woman can live there in peace ever since, saving Hans, the foster-brother, who keeps it for the family. You surely didn't sleep *there* last night, did you, Sir?'

"'I did,' said I; 'and may the saints preserve me from ever again passing such a terrible night as the one I spent under the roof of that accursed dwelling!'

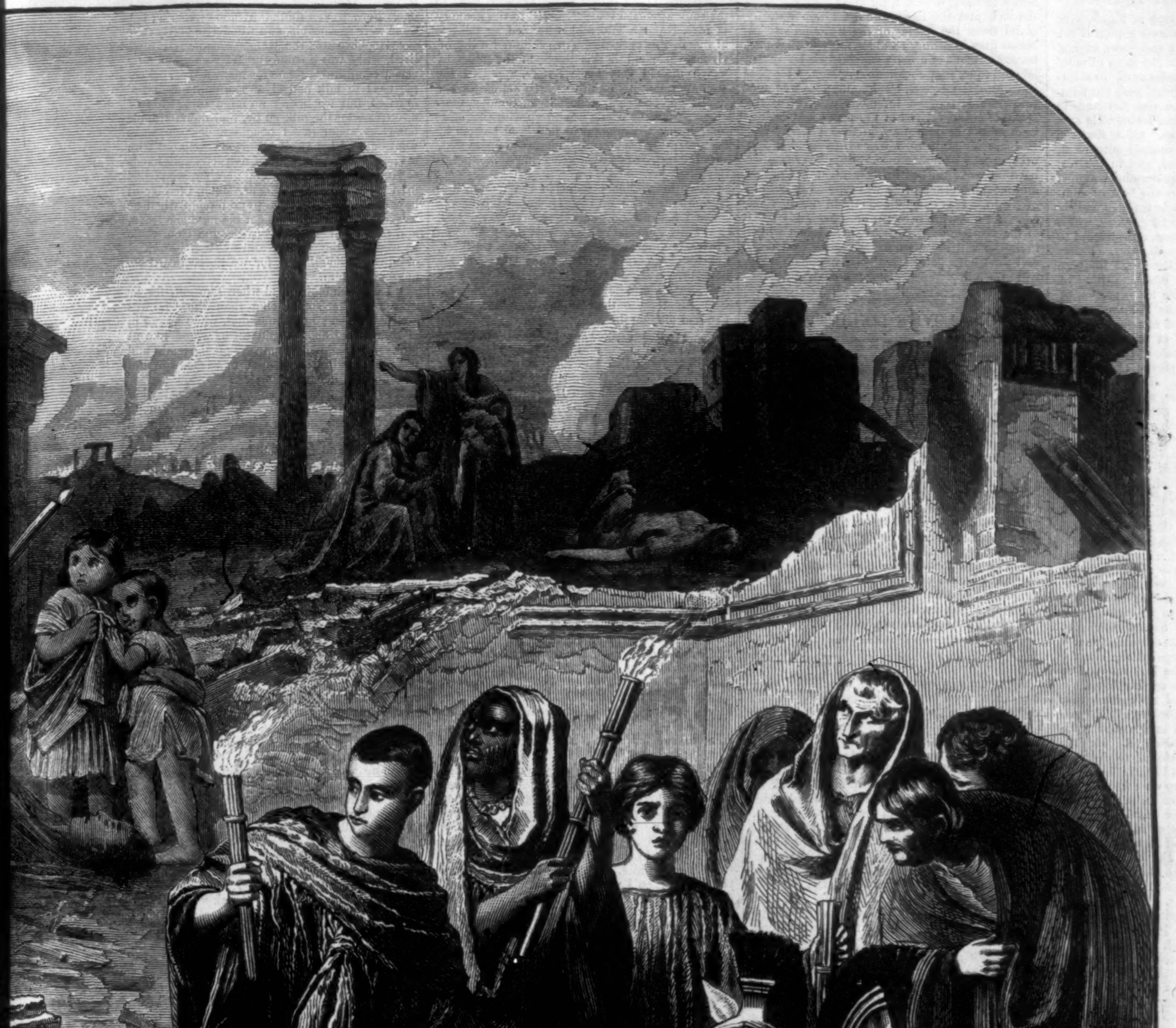
"'Amen!' said the old woman."

Here the artist ceased, and more than one incredulous smile mingled with the acknowledgments of his auditors for the ready good nature with which he had gratified their curiosity. Notwithstanding this lack of faith, however, there was a visible and very general disposition among the party to migrate in a body to the sleeping-chambers. No one seemed inclined either to move on first or to remain behind the others, and in an insane attempt to scale the narrow staircase five abreast, two of the party rolled down it, and so did the lantern.

As for myself, I will truthfully confess to a perfect panic, when, after mechanically tossing my boots as usual from my room into the passage, I perceived them a little while later looking in at me, as it were, from under the chink of the door. The recent impression left by the artist's strange narrative, and above all by his own sincere conviction of its truth, made this sight so unpleasing to me that I instinctively drew the bedclothes somewhat higher up than usual; but I had had a weary day's journey, and, soon forgetting it all in sleep, was infinitely relieved in the morning to find that I had escaped a repetition of his "Terrible Night."



NERO AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.—From



om th inting by Karl Piloty, of Munich.—[See Page 1010.]

NERO AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

In the tenth year of the reign of Nero, A.D. 64, a fire broke out in the immense capital of the world that raged for six days and seven nights. Compared to similar scenes in the story of modern cities, this seems the grandest and most terrible of all. Boston and Chicago were but faintly stricken, and even London was fortunate in 1666, when contrasted with the memorable ruin that fell upon the Eternal City. Of its fourteen wards or regions four only remained untouched, three were perfectly destroyed, and in the rest only a few tottering buildings remained amidst the blazing waste. It was in the heat of summer, and the immense population fled chiefly across the river to the imperial gardens, which were freely thrown open to them, or wandered to the open spaces in the Campus Martius. Yet as they looked back they must have seen in those hot July nights one of the most appalling of earthly spectacles. The whole lower portion of the city, from the river to the Palatine, where had been stored the wealth of merchandise, the treasures of the metropolis of the world, and where had stood the tall houses filled with an innumerable throng of the poorer classes, was now a heap of smoking ruins. The fire crept up the Aventine and the Palatine, and swept away palaces and temples. The great circus, built chiefly of wood, had been among the first to fall. Behind the Palatine, and on the site where afterward arose the vast Coliseum, the flames spread with irresistible strength. Yet when the work of ruin was at last accomplished, and two-thirds of Rome were leveled to the dust, a terrible suspicion arose among the people that the cause of their misfortunes had been that frivolous and odious monster who sat upon the imperial throne. Nero, it was said, had sat within his palace while Rome perished, chanting to the accompaniment of his lyre the ballad of the destruction of Troy. In one of his mad freaks of latent insanity he had set fire, it was believed, to his own capital. He had grown weary of the narrow thoroughfares, the crowded quarters, the unattractive city of his ancestors, and had prepared the site for that new metropolis which he had resolved to build by the destruction of the earlier Rome.

Nor was there any deed of wickedness that might not be reasonably ascribed to the Roman emperor. She whom he had once called "the best of mothers" he had assassinated. He had poisoned Britannicus, and kicked to death a wife whom he had professed to love. The horrible deeds of the imperial palace were told among the people, and Rome had seen its noblest citizens perish at the hands of the faithless tyrant. It was believed that the form of his murdered mother ever haunted him. Yet Nero had striven by a wild gayety to banish the fearful memories that preyed upon him. He played upon the flute, he danced, wrestled, painted, and his mad orgies filled Rome with horror. He was eager for every fierce or frivolous excitement, and kindled the fatal conflagration to lose himself in a momentary exhilaration. Such were the suspicions of the people, and they seem to have reached the tyrant's ears. Nero was not yet thirty years old, and had already in so short a life nearly exhausted the limit of human wickedness. Yet possibly the crowning act still remained. He resolved to direct the rage of the people against the Christians. He had them accused by hired witnesses of having set fire to Rome. The obscure sect, we are told by Tacitus, had spread over the world with marvelous rapidity, and the great historian seems to have been filled with wonder that its incomprehensible and odious doctrines had been so readily received. To the poor, the sad, the humble, they had come with an irresistible charm. And the baleful vices of the imperial circles may well have helped to set off those divine virtues that were enforced by the inspired eloquence of Paul. A great company of the elect were already gathered in Rome. Their hymns and prayers resounded under the shadow of the imperial palace; they read in their pious assemblies that inspired Epistle to the Romans which is heard to-day in every church and chapel from the Tiber to the waters of the Columbia. And when the false charge was made against them by the pagan emperor, and they had been condemned without a hearing, Rome itself was shocked and horrified at the number and the sufferings of the obscure victims.

All the city was invited to the spectacle of the punishment of the Christians. Nero threw open his own gardens across the Tiber, on the gentle slope of the Vatican, where now the papal palaces and chapels commemorate the event, for the barbarous exhibition, and the miserable people, fresh from the pains of their own losses and bereavements, homeless and despondent, were called upon by the tyrant to learn a new lesson of cruelty. It is related that they turned away in horror at last, weary of the scene of human woe. In the fair groves and gardens, amidst the rich foliage and pleasant walks of the imperial pleasure-grounds, the Christians were impaled on crosses, bound to blazing fagots, covered with the skins of wild beasts, hunted by dogs, and executed as the enemies of the human race. The mockeries of the crucifixion were revived in the tortures of Rome. At night the victims were covered with wax or oiled cloths, and set up to light the pathways among the trees, and like human torches were slowly consumed. Amidst the gloom Nero, followed probably by the wickedest and fiercest of the Romans, wandered among the ruins, surveying the pains of the Christians and the fate of Rome. It is not likely that the people had forgotten that the matricide and the monster had been at Antium when the fire began, and had only returned to laugh at the common woe. And we may well conceive that as he passed through the city children looked upon him with horror as some baleful spectacle, that he was covered with the secret curses of the old and young whom he was believed to have driven from their happy homes, the sick and the aged who had been scarcely saved from the flames of the tortuous streets. Nero lives in history as the symbol of that barbarous element of cruelty which Christianity has labored to extirpate from among men. He perished amidst unspeakable humiliations and tortures, the last of an infamous race. Yet the spirit of Nero revived in the popes and inquisitors of the Middle Ages, in feudal barons and Norman kings, in all forms of persecution and every species of intolerance. Eighteen centuries have not yet banished in their flight the insane and mocking cruelty that was typified in the life of Nero. It is exemplified still in the mad excesses of a Carlist invasion or the nightly raids of the Ku-Klux; it is that spirit against which literature will always aim its sharpest rebukes, and for whose perfect extirpation philanthropy will ever toil.

Eugene Lawrence.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

Day in and day out
I dream of what my love's about:
He toils his shining fields to reap;
He strays to watch his lambkins sleep
On upland pastures warm and fair
In the wild-flower air.
All his thoughts are free;
So may they be.
I love him 'cause I love him,
And so he loveth me.

Sun up and sun down
Love is Love's own fairy crown.
I walk by streams where lilies blow,
Where the scarlet cardinals glow,
And see above my true love pass
Through the seeding grass.
Me he doth not see;
So shall it be.
I love him 'cause I love him,
And so he loveth me.

OUT OF THE WATERS.

A few years ago I found myself one summer-time upon an island. Searching in my memory for the name of some quiet place where I could take my children by the sea, Brightland suddenly presented itself to my mind, and thither we soon went. The island lies so close to the main-land that at low tide there is nothing to separate the two but a wide stretch of mud and sand, across which an artificial roadway has been made within the last half century, joining the island to the wider coast. Dulcie shrieked as we went over this narrow roadway for the first time, and cried out that the water rippling up against the wooden piles on either side would come over and drown us: but the man who drove us said such a thing had only happened three or four times since the "new bank" had been made, so the little lady needn't be daunted.

The bank grew familiar enough to us afterward, for we staid three months upon the island, and crossed it many times on our journeys to and from the main-land. Dulcie and John used to get into the little creeks after samphire and young crabs whenever they could tempt me and nurse away from the sea-shore; and I believe they rather preferred the charms of mud expeditions, as I called them, to the long days by the waves, which I liked best. It was three long years since I had seen my children's father, and, as I sat hour after hour watching the restless water, I used to count the days till his return. I hated the sea which parted us, and yet always had a craving to be near it because he was upon it, I suppose; but, for all its glory and beauty, sometimes I could not look at its great rolling crested billows without wondering whether they were helping to bring him home again, or whether, miles and miles away, they had perhaps gone over him.

That was in the evening, though, after I had seen Dulcie safe asleep, and used to sit at my window all alone. Once, to drive away my fancies, I left my pretty rose-covered balcony, and strolled, not along the shore, but up the hill inland, where, from the still church-yard, I could see on the one side the narrow channel and the ribbon-like roadway, and, beyond, a misty panorama of sloping fields and clustering woods, all lying under the tender light of sunset; on the other, the broad stretch of waters fading slowly into that wonderful gray eternity, as it seems, under the solemn eyes of some bright early stars.

The church was very old. Some one said there were Saxon arches in it; and there were ancient tombs within its aisles—so very ancient that nothing was left of the inscriptions to tell who slept beneath the weight of stone without. A very mighty lord or count of the island slept in marble, with all his fingers broken off, and his most noble face so chipped and disfigured by time, and the handmaids of time, that one almost felt to pity the mutilated stone. Close by the great-grandson of the same noble lord lay in much pomp of marble and heraldry upon a long granite slab, and under the armor-clad figure knelt the doll-like effigies of his eight children, holding the shield on which was told, in scholarly Latin, how good, how excellent, how great and noble, and before all men exceedingly virtuous and pious, had been the honorable nobleman whose untimely death (ætat. 59) his lamenting offspring deplored! The legend in the island I afterward found to be that this pattern of manly virtue had, in his lifetime, been so entirely given over to bad living and the lusts of the flesh that an evil spirit, jealous that earth should keep its brother from it, had visibly presented itself and carried off the "most excellent of men" to a darker world, and that beneath the magnificence of stone and the vainglory of quarterings and shields there lay only the empty coffin.

Another tablet, much more modern, used to take my attention too—"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Hannah Thorrold, who died, at the age of 89, in this parish." Then followed a list of virtues—in English this time—in the midst of which, and in very large letters, appeared the announcement that she was "co-heiress of the late Roger Thorrold, of the City of London, merchant;" and the whole wound up with the information that the monument had been erected by her sorrowing nephews and nieces—a finale that, very improperly perhaps, struck me as inexpressibly droll.

After many hours spent in the church and church-yard one evening, I stopped before a grave I had not noticed before. It was a good deal away from the rest—at least there were two graves, but one head-stone joined them together, and on it was told how "James Hepburn" lay beneath, the same having died on the 4th day of July, 1850; and how by his side lay buried his wife, Rhoda, also their infant daughter, which two had died on the 5th day of July, 1850. The man's age was thirty, his wife's twenty-one, and the baby's only three short months.

"How young!" I said to myself, half aloud; "and how very sad!"

"Ay, sadder than you'd think, too," said a voice beside me; and turning, I saw an old man whom I had noticed on other evenings lingering about the church-yard. He was dressed after the fashion of all the Brightland people, and would have looked a very giant among fishermen had his figure not been bent and crippled with rheumatism.

He stared at me with eyes that I fancied had a wistful look in them.

That look, and the quick glance back at the head-stone, prompted my question: "Can you tell me any thing about them?"

"What do you want to know aught about them for?" he answered; and I felt taken aback, he looked so suddenly suspicious of me.

"Only because they seem to have been so young. I am quite a stranger here, and thought perhaps some great calamity or accident had overtaken the family. I had no other reason in asking."

"No," said the man, "'tweren't no calamity, as you call it; 'twere just a Providence as overtook 'em—a Providence," he reiterated, with some vehemence; "and 'tain't no use a-givin' on it no other name."

I waited, thinking he might go on with the history his mind was evidently full of; but instead he stooped by the graves, and began pulling up the weeds that grew among the grass, so I was moving away when he spoke again.

"Asking your pardon, but had you never no friends down in these parts?"

"Never," said I. "I came here once, many years ago, when I was staying with some friends seven or eight miles inland; but I know nothing of the island or the people."

"Then," said the man, "some night I'll tell you all about them two," spreading out his hand over the grave; "but not to-night."

"Sunday, perhaps," I suggested, feeling some curiosity on the subject. "I often stay here after the evening service."

"That won't do," answered my companion, "for I never come at all. You may look, but yon place don't do for me. I go farther up to chapel. I used to come here till all that happened, and ever since then I've seemed to want somethin' fiercer like. This here do seem so still; it's only quiet men as can go to sleep easy while the preachin's goin' on as ought to come here."

Not liking the speech nor the sneering tone of his voice, I said good-night shortly, and turned homeward, blaming myself mentally for talking at all with any of the fishing-men. They all bore rather a bad name on the island, and, so far as I had seen, were not in the habit of troubling either church or chapel with their company. I described the man I had met to my landlady, who knew at once his name—"Dick Mussett."

"You never need be afraid of him, ma'am," she added. "The very spirit and life seemed to go out of him when Rhoda, poor girl, was taken away. If he'll talk to you about her, it's more than I've known him to do to mortal man or woman since the whole break-up, and maybe it'll ease his mind."

So with that encouragement I went again before long to my old haunt, and there again I saw the old gaunt man. He gave me just a nod as I went up to him, and said, pointing to a low stone seat, "Now, if you like, I'll talk to you a bit; you're strange here, and won't go gossipin' my talk all over the place." So he leaned up against the iron railings of a tomb, and told me his tale:

"Rhoda—that's her a-lyin' under there—was my child, the only one that ever I had. She were born up in the north, and that's where I married her mother, and buried her too, before ever I came to these parts. The little one and me came here when she could scarcely talk plain. I've seen you walkin' along wi' your little lass, ma'am, and she've often minded me of my child that was, if you don't take offense at my sayin' such a thing."

"Offense? Oh no," I said, and began to pity this poor childless man.

"Most women," he went on, "will look after a bit of a thing that's lost its mother, and one woman was most wonderful kind to Rhoda. We lodged in her house. She was a widow with two boys of her own, and she did by my girl as if she'd been her own. I left sometimes for weeks and months with gentlefolks as wanted steady men for their yachts, as they call 'em; and Rhoda used to be as good as gold while I was away, and go right reg'lar down to Brightlin'stone, where the boats come up twice every day, to see if her father weren't come home again. I do believe," said Dick Mussett, looking earnestly at me, and speaking with twitching lips—"I really do believe there never was no other child like that one. Perhaps you think the same of your'n; but mine were so sensible, and wonderful pretty too!

"Hepburn was the woman's name where we lived. She was a comfortable woman, and ours was a comfortable home for many a year. People used to talk a deal of she and me gettin' married, but we hadn't no mind to, neither of us; so we let the talk go by, and didn't trouble ourselves about it. I bought a boat as years went on, and her two boys always went out with me; and as we were all of us pretty tidy hands at land-work of one sort and another, we picked up a very fair livin' among us. Jack, the biggest boy, took it into his head to go foreign when he was about fifteen; so he got his mother's leave, and took right off to Newcastle, and from there he went to other lands; and whether he's dead or alive I don't know, for we never heard no more about him.

"I was somethin' glad when he went, for he were a rougher sort of chap than Jim, who was a year younger; and sometimes, when he got in his tempers, Rhoda would seem scared like at him. Jim and her was always good friends, and there was nothin' she wanted or wished for that he didn't get her if he could.

"He was big and strong, and used to carry her on his shoulder down the shore, splashin' among the pools when the tide went down, catchin' all kinds of queer things for her. She was a strange little thing, and took delight in all manner of things out of the water that ain't no use for food. As she got older the parson's wife took a likin' to her, and had her up and down, learnin' of her a deal out of books, and makin' a right good scholar of her.

"When she grew a great girl she used to write letters for the neighbors most beautiful; and that, with her pretty face, and keepin' herself so steady, made her well thought of, and I was mighty proud of her. She was only fifteen when the good woman of the house died, and somehow things never seemed to go on quite so right after that. Rhoda she fretted sadly. Ann Hepburn had been the most of a mother she'd ever known, and bein' young, and not used to trouble, she sort of pined after her; so, though I was under a promise to go right round south with a party of gentlemen, I give it up, and kept at home to take the best care I could of my girl.

"Though his mother had been a good one, I do think Jim Hepburn felt the trouble of losing her more through Rhoda's grief than his own. He cared for my girl in his quiet way more than she nor I ever thought for. If he'd showed it like most young men would ha' done, there'd have been all the neighbors talkin'; so he never made much of ado about it, but kept on carin' for her and servin' on her after his own way, and seemed always satisfied that she should treat him like as if he'd been her brother.

"Rhoda took to the housework well. There wasn't a tidier girl in all the place, and soon I began to feel as if we were doin' better without Ann Hepburn than ever I could have thought, when all of a sudden the wind began to shift like, and our troubles began.

"Jim had never walked with any girl about the island, and seein' he was better off by part of a boat, and the cottage too, than most other young chaps, it was somethin' out of the common that he hadn't wanted to settle long ago. Most of 'em, you know, marry young in these parts.

"Once, when we were runnin' in with the tide, after a rare good catch, I said to Jim,

"'I say, when are you a-goin' to bring a missus home?'

"And he made answer, 'Never at all, master. The missus that's in the house suits me, and I'll never bring another to the house while she'll stay there.'

"But Rhoda wouldn't hear of it when I told her about it that very night.

"'Like him?' she says. 'Why, father, of course I do. I'm very fond of him, that I am; but I won't marry him for any thin', and so don't let him think any more about it.'

"But I might just as well have told the tide to stop flowin'. He took her answer without much notice. 'Happen she'll change by-and-by,' says he; and so he seemed content to wait. But I knew well enough what was in his mind, and got to have a feelin' that his will was the strongest, and she'd have to give in to it.

"Rhoda made herself easy. She was shy of him when I first told her of it, but that wore off; and exceptin' that she would look at Jim earnest like when he didn't see her, and watch more for his goin' in and out than she'd done before, there seemed no difference in her behavior.

"That winter, when she was just turned seventeen, this rheumatic first took me, and for nine mortal weeks I was laid up. Then Jim he took and nursed me like any woman. He did what my girl couldn't have done, for I could stir neither hand nor foot, and a man like me isn't easy to lift. He was son and daughter too; he was a right good man to me that time. Rhoda grew softer in her way to him, and 'stead of orderin' him about, she used to watch for what he wanted, and get things ready for his comin' home; and he grew to look regular happy, for I know he thought she was gettin' to care for him the way he wanted at last.

"I kept a look-out, for my wishes was the same as his; but I never put a word in. Matters seemed puttin' theirselves straight, till one day in the spring, when I could just stand by the gate, and was countin' the days till I could get on the water again, there stepped past a stranger—a good-lookin' young man he was, with just his stick across his shoulder, and a little leather bag swingin' from it. Rhoda was by me, knittin' the sleeves for my shirt, and when the stranger saw her, he turned his head for another look, and then he stopped and asked the way to the Cottage.

"Rhoda told him: 'It's that great white house up the hill, that's let every summer to some rich people.'

"He kept on lookin' at her till she blushed up and stooped her head, and then he drew up and spoke to me; but I answered him short, so he went his way; but I see him turn his head more than once to have a look at my girl.

"Jim told us that night he'd heard that it was an odd lot of people come to the Cottage that year.

"'They've got no boat of their own, but want some such craft as ours regular every day, just to go out and back again every now and then; and they know nothin' about the water, so they want some one to go with them to see she don't sink herself.' And then he laughed at their ignorance; but Rhoda colored up, and said landsmen were as good as us any day, and knew a sight of things we didn't.

"I suppose, ma'am," said Dick Mussett, "you can guess some of what's comin'? This stranger was a man that got his livin' by paintin' pictures, and he said he had come to stay at Brightland island for to study the sea. That's what he called it—'for to study the sea;' and many's the time I've had it in me to question what the Almighty could have planned his doin' that for.

"His name was Fletcher, he told us, and the people at the Cottage was his cousins. They had our boat every day, and paid us well; and for some reason or other, never a day passed that he didn't come up to see us. Rhoda was always clean, and took care of her things, but she began to look somehow smarter and different. One day she did somethin' with her hair—set it out somehow; anyway it changed the looks of her, and presently, when Mr. Fletcher looked in, he says, 'Why, Rhoda!' and burst out laughin'. And oh! my girl she turned almost white, so fierce she seemed that he should do like that, and laugh at her; and back she went, and wouldn't come through to the front-room no more while he staid, but staid by herself cryin', as I could tell afterward; but she put her hair the old way.

"I didn't care for Mr. Fletcher's visits, but scarce knew how to stop them. He used to ask me questions about the sea, and always made as if he had a deal to talk about. I truly think he meant nothin' bad. He liked the look of my girl, and told me plain he meant to paint a picture of her before he went away; but his comin' backward and for'ard like that drove Jim nearly wild, and did more mischief with Rhoda than ever I knew. If I had been a woman, I might have suspected what was goin' on in her; bein' a man, though, I didn't. Jim was the nearest to guessin' the truth, and it made him miserable.

"One night (after Mr. Fletcher had been in) he said to Rhoda sudden, and before me, too: 'Lass, I can't hold on with this sort of thing any longer; it must be yes or no; will you have me or won't you? Let it be one or the other.'

"'That's a queer way of courtin', Jim,' says she.

"'No queerer than other men's,' says he.

"'Well, Jim,' she says, goin' up to him and takin' hold of his hand, 'we won't quarrel about it. Find a better woman for your wife, and trouble no more for me. You won't ask me to do what I can't do; and, Jim,' she said, beginnin' to cry, 'indeed I can't *now*.' And with that she left us.

"Jim looked at me, and he seemed all of a shake. 'It's that cursed painter,' he said; and I felt mad to think his words were true. The girl, I told myself bitterly, had even gone and taken to this man, who never cared a bit for her.

"We were three troubled souls that night. Jim was out early next-day mornin', and I got down on the shore by six o'clock. Rhoda was up, and called to me to be home to breakfast soon. It was so fine, the sun shinin' and the waters all of a sparkle, that the sight made me feel young again, and I felt most wonderful sorry to think that Rhoda and Jim couldn't make up matters between them. I was thinkin' on it, when up come Jim, and Mr. Fletcher too. The gentleman said to me,

"'I'm off to-day, Mussett, over the hills and far away;' and he began whistling a tune.

"'Be you goin' for long?' says I; and I was downright glad to hear he was goin' at last.

"'It may be for years, an' 't may be forever,' says he, pickin' up stones, and makin' what children call ducks-and-drakes in the water. 'Jim,' he sang out—for Jim was movin' off—'you have the boat out in a couple of hours; and look here, Musset,' he says, 'you've had bad luck this year, so take this;' and he gave me some gold money. 'I owe it to you for your girl's face. I've got it right enough now. And give my love to Rhoda, and tell her to get married to that great good-tempered giant,' and he nodded after Jim, 'before I come to these parts again.'

"Rhoda looked white and tired when I went back, but she was main gentle-tempered and good that day. I never give her no message from the painter. I only told her he was gone, after I see the boat with the two men in pullin' across the water; and I said it wouldn't be like my girl to go frettin' after a man that never could have no thought of her. 'There's nothin' really amiss, is there?' said I; and she laid her head down on my arm and cried like a baby.

"'No, nothin', father,' she says; 'only he did seem so different to the men about here.'

"And that was about it, I suppose. A woman's fancy is like a bird's flight; you can't tell one moment which way it'll turn the next.

"Jim joined company with some other boats later in the day, and we two kept by ourselves, and, whatever she thought of after she had her cry out, Rhoda made as if she was cheerful.

"It might be a month after that when the lady from the Cottage came up to our house one day, and findin' Jim outside with his nets, she questioned him a deal about the day he took her cousin over the water. Jim sort of seemed bothered, but answered what she asked him plain enough.

"'Had he taken Mr. Fletcher over the water to St. Mary's that day?'

"'Yes.'

"'Had Mr. Fletcher said where he was goin' to?'

"'No, he hadn't.'

"'Had he sent back no message by Jim to any one?'

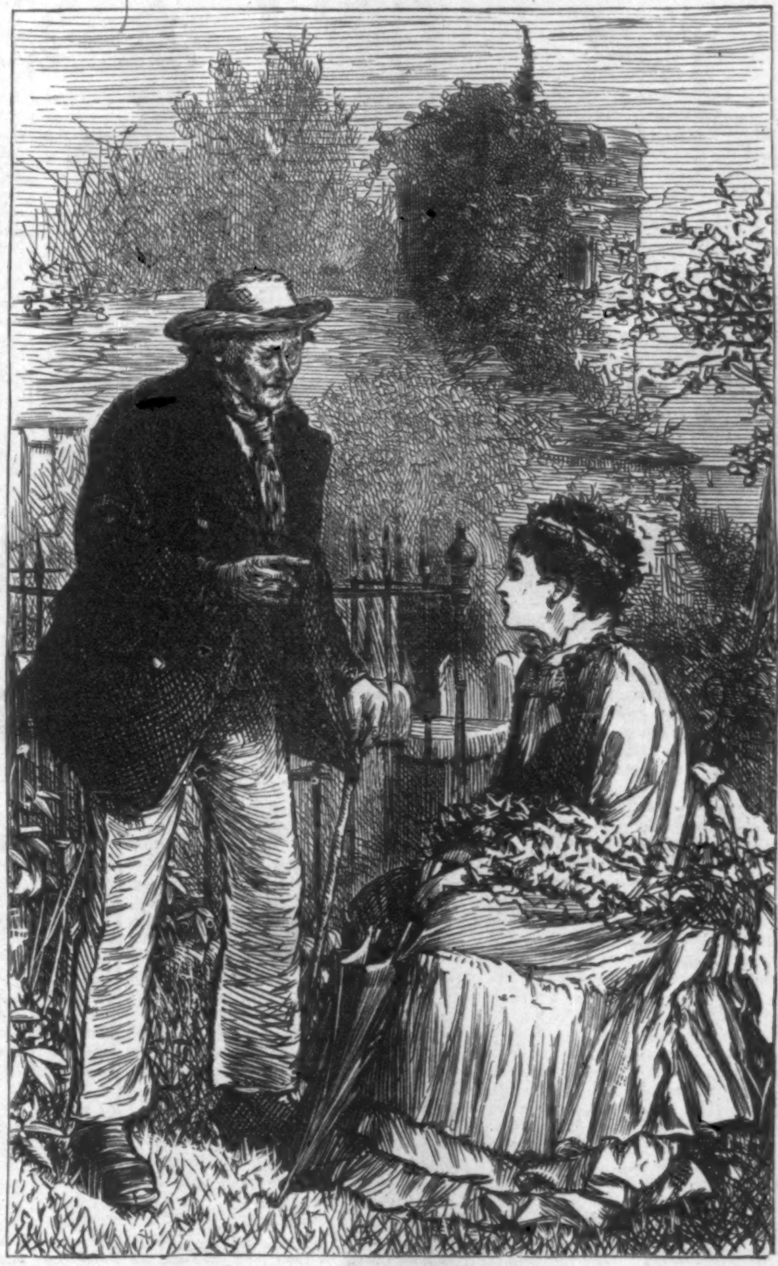
"'None whatsomever.'

"And when he'd spoke so far, Jim got up and said, with the lady's leave, he must go now. He never looked at us, but struck off to the beach; and when he came back that night he went to the King's Head instead of comin' home.

"The lady said she asked this because they had not heard from her cousin since he left. He had posted two letters at St. Mary's, when Jim landed him there, to some other friends, sayin' he was soon goin' to stay with them, but he had never been.

"The family left the Cottage soon after, and after a bit two strangers came and put just the same sort of questions to Jim again, and he answered just as before; and then we heard no more of Mr. Fletcher.

"Rhoda seemed more of a woman after that summer, and was careful and thoughtful beyond her years. She kept to me wonderful, and didn't go much along with the girls of the place.



DICK MUSSETT TELLS HIS STORY.

"Jim was waitin' and watchin'; and by-and-by he come to me one day, and told me he'd got what he'd been waitin' for. Rhoda had promised to wed with him in the spring. I felt troubled, fearin' she did it for the sake of me, seein' I wasn't likely ever again to be the man I used to, and thinkin', perhaps, that when my savin's was done we should come to want. But when I talked to her she said no, Jim had set his heart on havin' her, and he was a good man, and ought to have what he wanted; and so the matter was settled.

"In Whitsun week they married, and for months things went on after the old ways, comfortable enough. Rhoda had changed her name, but nothin' else, I thought, for she kept to me just as she did before.

"Jim grew restless after a bit. Perhaps he wanted her to make more fuss of him; he couldn't want her to be more careful of his comfort. There wasn't a man's house in Brightland better kept than his, still he often went off to the tap-room, and sometimes broke out into strange talk, if any thin' crossed him; and he never used to do that before Rhoda before they were married. So, to my sorrow, they seemed more parted after they married than they did before. She never blamed him, but he did blame her; and he was specially vexed because he had no child.

"When they had been wed two years, however, a child was born to them; and the first Sunday after my girl was about again, and had been to church, her husband by her side and her baby carried close by, I looked at 'em both, and hoped from the bottom of my heart that bit of a babe was bringin' peace along with it. She sat rockin' it in the evenin' by the doorway, lookin' out over the water, and then back at the baby's face; and Jim he sat smokin', and never took his eyes off the two. Thought I to myself, 'Now we shall get on.' But what's the use of us forecastin', when we know naught of what's to come? That year was hot and dry beyond any years I could remember, and when the drought broke up in June, then we had a bout of wet, and all at once a fever took our place, and the people sickened and died in a way that was awful.

"Jim come home one night. 'Master,' he says to me, 'my head is bad;' and Rhoda, who came in just then, took and felt his head and his hands, and then she looked at him more lovin' than ever I'd seen her do. 'Come up to bed,' says she, and kept his hand as they went up the stairs.

"Three days and nights he lay and tossed about in the fever. The doctor said from the first he'd die, but Rhoda wouldn't hear of it. 'It's because I never cared for him as he deserved that now he's to be taken away. Oh, baby, what shall we do without him?' And her hot tears fell on the little one's hands as she sat nursin' it. She wouldn't give the child back to our neighbor again, who would have gone back to her home with it, but she carried it with her up stairs, and I went too.

"Jim's strength seemed gone, and he was as helpless as his child. Poor chap, for all he did, I can't never think of him so bad as I ought. He'd been off his mind for the last two days, but of a sudden he opened his eyes and spoke sensible again.

"'Rhoda;' and she went up to him quick and tender, and, kneelin' down, she laid her face again' his hand. 'Rhoda,' he says once more, and looked in her eyes so pitiful that she gave a great sob and kissed his hand, 'are you beginnin' to care for me, my lass?' he said.

"And she, holdin' her baby tight with one arm, stretched out the other over him, and said, 'Jim dear, I love you now.'

"'How much?' says he, tryin' to lift himself up a bit; he spoke so sharp I thought the fever fit was comin' on him again. 'Because,' he says, 'I've give my soul away for you, and now—'

"'Hush, Jim!' said she; and, gettin' up, she smoothed back his hair and tried to cool his poor head; but he caught her arm and held it fast.

"'Do you love me better than you loved the painter?' he said.

"'Oh, Jim,' she sobbed out, 'how can you taunt me now?'

"'It isn't tauntin',' said he. 'Which do you love the best?'

"'Oh, you, you, you!' she cried out, passionately; and her eyes shone on him, and he knew she spoke the truth.

"'Then may the Lord help me! But I'll tell you all,' said he."

Dick Mussett waited a minute before he went on:

"He told us, still holdin' on to his wife's arm, how the painter had said, when they were midway between the island and St. Mary's, that he would have a swim before he went ashore; how he took off his things, as he had often done before, and plunged into the water from the boat. Jim told us, with the sweat droppin' off his face, how the devil had gone into him, and put before him the idea of gettin' rid of the man he was so jealous of; for might he not come back and stop Rhoda from havin' him?

"Quick as thought he had looked round and seen there was no other boat within hail, scarcely within sight; quick as the evil thought had entered in him he had pulled away from the man strugglin' in the waves.

"'"For God's sake, man, have done with fool's play!" cried out the voice.

"'But I made answer, "Nay, you've had fool's play for many a week; it's my turn now;" and so went on.

"'I heard a cry or two, and durst not look back; when I turned my head at last, he was gone down. The devil himself gave me strength and cunnin'; I threw overboard his leather bag and books, but when I saw his letters I rowed on to St Mary's. The shop where they keep the post-office is hard by the shore; I slipped up and put them in, and then came home again.' And he lay there a-dyin' and told this.

"'Oh, is it true?' said Rhoda, white as a sheet.

"'Wife,' he said, and she started back from him, and shook from head to foot, 'if you speak, don't curse me; I'm paid out well for what I've done; but'—he began to speak hoarse and low—'I did it for your sake; oh'—and he stretched out his hands with such a look—'for your sake, woman! And now don't you pity me? can't you help me?'

"She turned her face to him, but she might have been blind for any thin' she saw—such a face! He gave a moan and clutched at the bed-curtain to hide it from him; and though she left the room, I think in the great agony that came on he never missed her.

"I dared not leave him. A woman came in and asked where Rhoda was. We thought she had taken the child to our neighbor's; afterward we knew different. Before twelve he died, never in his right mind after his wife had left.

"I was stunned like, and couldn't think of what he'd told us. Sometimes even now I catch myself wonderin' if he were not inventin' and accusin' himself falsely.

"I went for Rhoda down the street to where I thought she was; but our neighbor said, 'Nay, she had not been there all the night.' And then a mighty fear came on me, and I knew there was farther trouble to come. We sought about for her, and listened, lest by chance we might hear the child cry. We could see well to look, for the full moon shone as clear as day. It was a flood-tide, one of the men said, and he half thought the water would be over the new bank if it rose the next half hour as it had done the last.

"I told naught of the tale I had heard to none of them; I only told how Rhoda took on at the thoughts of losin' Jim, and seemed like one out of her mind with grief.

"We looked on all through the night, till the moonlight faded away and the dawn began to show across the water. Then, close by the bank, I heard a cry out, and some men called to me to come on and some to keep back; but I went on, and there they lay.

"She'd got the baby held tight to her, and they might both have been asleep, so quiet and still they lay, her white face turned up to the gray sky, the water just lappin' up to her feet.

"The water had gone over the bank, and the people said the poor soul had tried to make her way across, guided only by the white posts on either side; had gone most likely to fetch the doctor, who lived just over the other side; and so it might have been, but so I never think it was. It's one of the things we shall never know in this world. She must have died soon with that secret on her, for by her look I knew that she believed it.

"So it is sad, isn't it, ma'am," said the lonely old man, "to have to live all these years and think of that time all by myself? You're strange, and it entered my mind to tell it all to you, for there's none alive the tale can hurt if all the world knows it."

I would have said something to comfort him, but he did not want that; I think the mere recountal of his story had eased him.

"Good-night," he said. "If I could only tell whether I was likely to see them again, I shouldn't mind so much."

I held out my hand and bade him good-by, and went home to my children, thinking my troubles were very light to what some folks had to bear.

Brightland we soon left; my husband came back, and has been at home ever since. Dulcie tells him of the charms of the island, but I never can think of it except as the scene of that sad history.